ATHENE

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF HELLENIC THOUGHT

THE PEPLOS KORE

Vol. XII - No. 3

AUTUMN, 1951

Single Copy $1.50

$4.00 per Year

There is still time to

VISIT GREECE

during

HOMECOMING YEAR

via

WORLD-PROVED TWA

the *only* scheduled U. S. airline offering *direct* service to Athens

You have a choice of convenient flights on the world's largest Constellation fleet

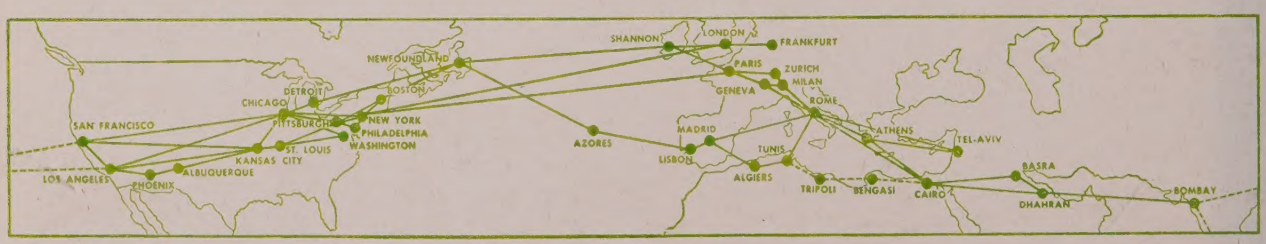
1951 is a gala year in Greece! It has been officially proclaimed as *Homecoming Year*, for all Greeks and friends of Greece living abroad, by His Majesty, King Paul. And it is also the 1,900th anniversary of St. Paul, who preached Christianity to Greece.

If you, like so many thousands, are planning to celebrate this glorious year with a trip to Greece, remember world-proved TWA is the fast, dependable, economical way to go. *And only TWA offers you convenient one-airline service all the way to Athens from any of 60 U. S. cities coast to coast.*

You'll discover many other advantages in making the trip by 300-mph TWA Skyliner. You spend less time traveling, more time *there* with friends and relatives. And on your way, you enjoy courteous service, delicious free meals ... all the pleasant "extras" that make TWA travel *anywhere in the world* a real treat.

When you plan your trip, ask about the savings possible on TWA's Thrift Season Fare Plan, in effect many months of the year. For complete information and literature, see your travel agent or write Trans World Airlines, Dept. AA 60 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Across the U.S. and overseas... you can depend on **TWA**



IN THIS ISSUE:

Greece: Anchor of the West

•

Contemporary Greek Sculpture:
NIKOS PERANTINOS

•

APHRODITE OF THE HOME

•

THE PROMETHEUS OF AESCHYLUS

•

DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE

•

VAKA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY
(Chapters XXII-XXIII)

•

REORIENTATION AT RHODES

•

HELLENIC BAR ASSOCIATION
(Of Chicago)

•

FRIENDS OF THE GREEK VILLAGE

•

SOJOURNING ON THE AMAZON

•

POETRY

•

BOOK REVIEWS

Features
Translations
and Poetry
By

PROF. ARTHUR L. WHALL

PAUL A. JENKINS

CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST

HELEN POPE

DEMETRA VAKA

MARY EVANS ANDREWS

THEODORE N. CONSTANT
and
Members of the
Chicago Hellenic Bar

MAVRETA JOAKIMIDES

DR. COSTAS M. PRUSSIS

C. J. LAMPOS

ALEXANDRA PLAKOTARI

CONSTANCE E. HATSON

JOHN BELASCO

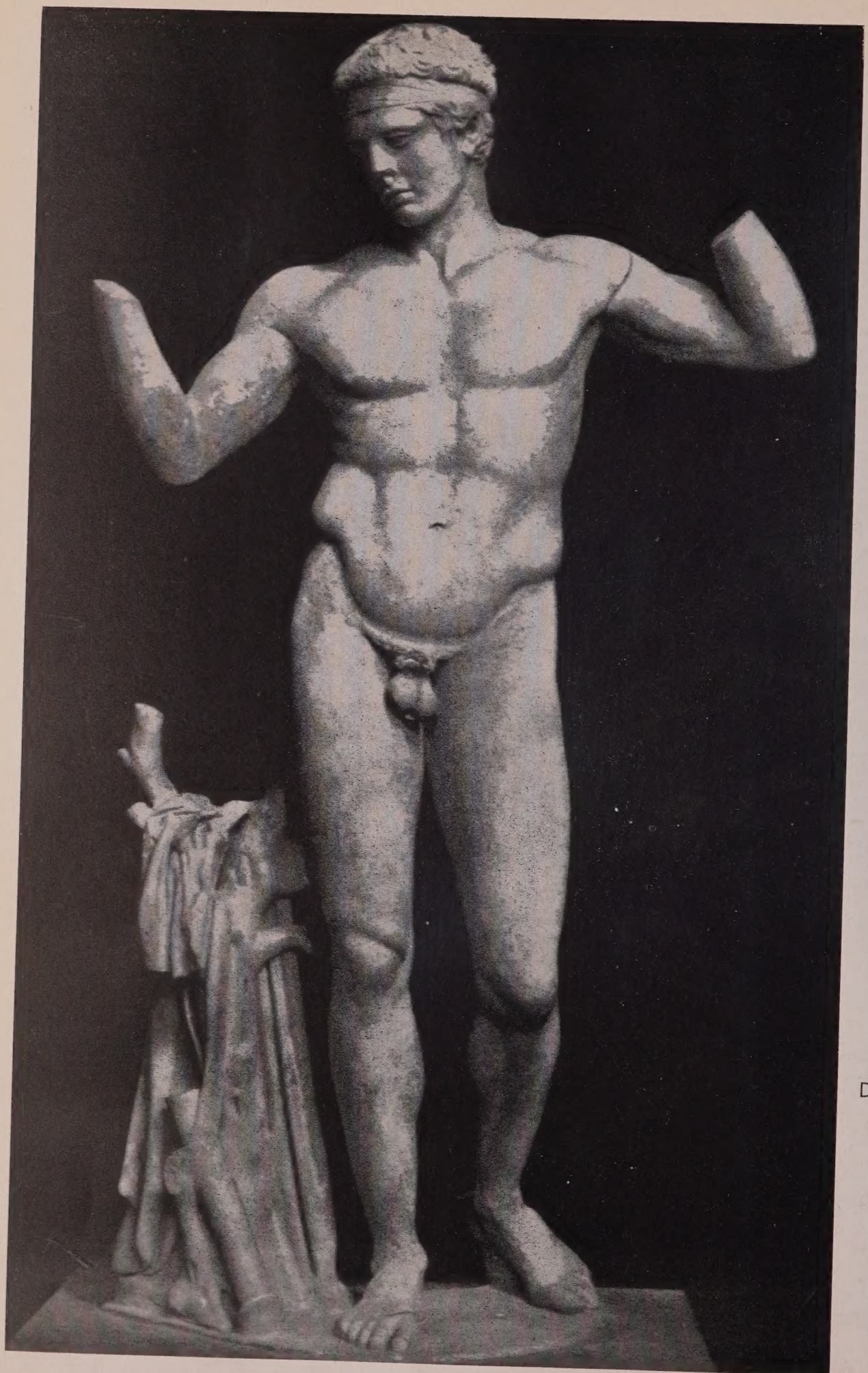
ATHENE

Autumn 1951 = Vol. XII = No. 3
919 Wellington Avenue - Chicago 14, Illinois
Phone GRaceland 2-0010
C. J. LAMPOS, Literary Editor
JOHN DARIOTIS, Business Manager

• Entered as Second Class Matter March 28, 1941 at the Post Office of Chicago, Illinois Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Edited Quarterly
by

DEMETRIOS A. MICHALAROS



DIADYOMENOS
of
DELOS

ATHENE
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE of HELLENIC THOUGHT
AUTUMN, 1951 DEMETRIOS A. MICHALAROS, Editor VOL. XII - No. 3

Greece: Anchor of the West (*)

By Prof. ARTHUR H. WHALL
(Compiler and Editor of the "Greek Reader")

I am very happy to be here tonight; very proud to be helping, or attempting, even in a small way, to help brave Greece and the heroic people of Greece. I owe a personal debt to Greece, a debt that is very great indeed; and, while I am conscious that the principal of the debt may never be fully discharged, it is nice to be in a position of making a small down-payment on the interest long overdue. I want to do that tonight.

Far back in 1912, I remember, I was struggling with my first Greek author, Xenophon. Like most school-boys, I was finding the going very difficult, and, I think, the most that I could say for Cyrus and his army and their eternal marching and halting was that they were all very dull and boring. However, while this was going on, the Balkan War broke out, and the Greek armies were scarcely arrived at the front before my father entered a subscription for me to a Modern Greek daily newspaper. That event changed my whole outlook on Greek studies.

Slowly and, I must confess, painfully, at first, I translated each day's battle-communiquès as they were dispatched, in Modern Greek, from the front. And I made a great discovery — I discovered that βάλλειν of today's cable was the βάλλειν staring at me out of the pages of Xenophon; that the enemy in 1912 were οἱ πολέμιοι as they were οἱ πολέμιοι in 401 B.C.; and that ὁ στρατηγός was the general now just as ὁ στρατηγός had been the general 2500 years ago. And as the days passed, I knew that I could never again think of Greek as a dead language or ever think of Greek literature as something mummified, something uncovered in the dust of a necropolis, just to try the patience of small schoolboys. Out of my daily reading, which grew more thrilling as the victories of Greek arms mounted, there came the realization, almost intuitive, that Modern and Ancient Greece are not TWO but ONE —ONE by that strongest of unities, their spiritual and moral greatness continuing, without break or falling off, from Troy on to Marathon and Salamis, and from Salamis on to Preveza and Yannina. — So, you see, I have reason to be conscious of a personal debt to Greece. In a literal sense, Modern Greece was the great, the first great inspirational teacher to awaken in me the love of Ancient Greece! And she stands, today, in the long line of my classical masters, as dependable and as inspiring as in 1912.

However, I ought to explain that when I chose "Greece: Anchor of the West— for the subject of tonight's talk, I was thinking of another debt— the much larger debt which America and Americans and all the people of Europe owe to this same Greece. And my thinking was in no sense academic! For our debt to Greece is such that to overlook it or undervalue the lessons implicit in it would be tantamount to cutting the cables that secure us to our anchorage in history; it would be like setting Civilization adrift from her moorings; and, allowing for the critical state of the world today, it could mean the end of Civilization as we know it!

You must have sensed, as certainly I have done, how increasingly urgent, of late, has become the note of warning in the pronouncements of responsible public-men. I have in mind Field Marshal Montgomery's words to the English-speaking Union, on the night of November 29th: "Civilization is in danger," he said, "and it is the duty of the Western democracies to ensure that this crisis through which the world is passing does not lead to the destruction of the Civilization, the culture, and the standard of living which is our heritage."

And there is the statement of Dr. Oliver Carmichael published in the latest report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. "The foundation of Western thinking is under challenge," he affirmed, "but too little effort has been made to clarify the issues involved in the conflict between Russia and the West. The first step is to analyze and define the tenets which the Western world is defending."

These are only two from among many that might be quoted if time permitted. In the past few months, their number has multiplied as their urgency has been mounting. All have this in common: that they underscore the clash between two civilizations and the jeopardy in which the clash places our particular civilization All stress the instant necessity of a return to and a fresh assessment of the fundamentals of our Western Civilization — and this is a measure of security of vastly greater importance, at the moment, than either the stock-piling of atom bombs or the devising of new and more devastating rockets.

(*) From an address before a distinguihsed gathering in New York)

But it may not be out of place, at this point, to ask: Can there be a return to the **fundamentals** of Civilization without a return, also, to the **foundations** of Civilization? When we stop to think that "fundamentals" is a Latin word and that it derives from "fundamentum, another Latin word, meaning precisely "foundations" or "foundation,' then, of course, the question sounds almost childish, a mere play on words. It is rather like asking whether you can anchor a boat without an anchor; or grow a tree without a root. And, yet, fantastic as it sounds, it is precisely a feat of this kind that our American colleges and universities have been attempting since those days in the early 1900's when they gloried in the deification of the German pragmatists and allowed the elective system to get the upper-hand in American education. During the intervening half-century, they have, in consequence, been either ignoring the systematic study of civilization altogether or asking of their students an impossible tour de force; asking that they familiarize themselves with civilization—in fact, that they become civilized —while remaining, through four years, innocent of even the most superficial contact with the humanistic and religious foundations of that civilization.

And a tour de force it had to be—it could be nothing else—from the moment Classical Education was banished from the curriculum or relegated ignominiously to bottom place in the curriculum. Certainly, the present plight of the world and the general confusion and bewilderment of mankind reflect scant credit on that tour de force. The quality of our statesmanship can hardly be called flattering to it. Nor can we find any tribute to it in the output, during the past five decades, of neurotic literature, or in the cult of exhibitionism in art and of lawlessness and cacophony in music. Rather, these are all to be taken as symptoms of a social malaise or psychosis that, in the midst of material plenty and an almost universal, animal-surrender to self-comfort and sense-indulgence, is as alien to the traditional life of the West as would be an Indian fakir to the high altar of St. Peter's in Rome. — We may not yet have disowned our debt to Greece but we have come uncomfortably close to forgetting it!

Let us go back, then, to those two phrases **"fundamentals of civilization"** and **"foundations of civilization"!** We cannot allow them to remain in the clouds. What real significance have they in our present discussion? Let us see! A few illustrations may help. For example: if we are inquiring seriously into the fundamentals of the **religious** tradition of the West, we are taken straight back to Galilee, to the Old Testament of Judaism, to the four Gospels and the Canonical Epistles of the New Testament; and it may be that we shall have to investigate the writings of those first witnesses to the growth and spread of Christianity — men like Clement, Ignatius, Barnabas, and Polycarp. Certainly, our investigation cannot be serious if it carries us no further back than to some eclectic innovator born yesterday and mouthing today a message in which the Cosmic Soul, Christ and Buddha, the Veda and the Summa of Thomas Aquinas are all whipped together into something like the froth on a meringue. In other words, for the fundamentals of Christianity as it has shaped the ihistory of the West, we have only one course and that is to go back to the foundation of Christianity.

It is the same when we turn from the religious to the **humanistic side** of our Western heritage. If of Christianity as it has shaped the history of the life and institutions in the West, we cannot be satisfied by a study of Russian Communism or of the Soviet conception of democracy, but are forced back to Draco, Solon, Cleisthenes, and Pericles, whose political and social reforms together with their great constitutional advances laid the basis of Western political life as we know it. Again, if Western philosophy is in question, we shall look for the fundamentals not to the Existentialists, nor to Hegel or Kant, but to the fathers of Western philosophy, Plato and Aristotle and their immediate successors.

And so, in brief, taking any aspect of Western Civilization we may choose for the subject of our inquiry, let it be the sciences, literature, or the arts, we are constrained, if we seek the fundamentals, to set on one side for the moment the Einsteins, the Eliots, the Picassos, and Daviss, and to focus our attention on Ptolemy and Archimedes, on Homer, Pindar, and Aeschylus, on Pheidias and Praxiteles, and on those generations of exquisite vase-painters, the majority of whose names are lost and, perhaps, will never be recovered. For these, in the company of their fellow Greek geniuses, were the men who launched and, for that matter, charted far into the future the whole course of scientific inquiry; the men who invented and left to us all but one or two of the literary forms employed by authors today; the men who first achieved absolute perfection in sculpture, architecture, and a limited field of painting, and, in additon, bequeathed to the future the flawless models that were to inspire and guide subsequent achievement down to and including the present.—This, then, is what I have been implying — or rather it is only a significant **part** of what I have been implying — while stressing that the fundamentals of Western civilization can be assessed only by an assessment of Greece and Christianity as the twin foundation-block of that Civilization.

I use the word "part" advisedly. For geniuses, even matchless geniuses, like Homer and Sophocles, Plato and Aristotle, the long line of Greek painters, sculptors, and architects, and the exploring minds that first broke ground in the sciences, these were, after all, only reflections of something greater even than themselves. They were separate expressions of the living Greece as she stood revealed in her way of life, her spirit and ideals, in the sum of the values that together made up her culture and her civilization. It is to this living Greece — let us say, to the over-all Greek conception of life, civilization, and culture — that we must go for that ultimate "assessment" about which we have been speaking, and which, we are warned, must be undertaken if our own Civilization and our Free Way-of-Life are to be preserved.

In the preparation, therefore, of tonight's lecture, at the risk of choosing for you the now proverbial road of "blood, sweat and tears," I decided to forsake the easy way; I decided to take you along none of the pleasant by-paths of Greek art and poetry, but to ask an arduous effort of you— the effort to concentrate, with me, upon two ele-

mentary ideas in the Greek conception of life, ideas which, in my judgment, lie closest to the center of that conception, and to which we must return if we hope to deal realistically with the problem of the immediate present.

Perhaps, no moment during man's existence on earth, either before or after, approaches even remotely the wonder of the moment when Greece first emerged into the light of history. To anybody familiar only with the pre-existing civilizations like those of Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, or Judaea, what happened could be accounted nothing less than a miracle. And, in a sense, a miracle it was. It was the entrance into the world of something that the world had never known before — **A civilization based squarely and solidly on the INDIVIDUALITY OF MAN,** on the dignity of his person, on his ideals and aspirations, on the **qualitative** consideration of his physical beauty and his moral worth as distinct from the **quantitative** consideration of his inert and formless mass in a chain-gang. Now, please understand what we are saying! We are NOT saying that individuals existed in no prior civilization. You may account Cheops of Egypt an individual; you may single out Ruth, David, or Solomon, or go back even to Moses in the Old Testament; but whether these are examples of human individuality or of something else has no bearing on the present question. We are talking about **a civilization consciously based on human individuality,** and that is a totally different matter from the mere existence of an individual! Nothing like it had ever happened before. But it did happen now in the dawn of Greek civilization; and the evidences of it are written large on every page of the two earliest sources of Greek history, the Iliad and the Odyssey of Homer.

The characters of Homer are themselves the best evidence. Look at them! No writer through the ages has brought together in two works anything like their number or their diversity; yet there is not a stylized type or generalization among them. Achilles, Agamemnon, and Odysseus, Hector and Priam, Glaucus and Sarpedon, the old man Phoenix, and Patroclus, little more than a boy, these are only a few. Ask yourself what strikes you most in them; indeed, ask why you are struck at all! And the answer is simple, though profound: "Here are individuals conscious that they are individuals." Each is a personality fully aware of his personality; a personality sharply distinguished from every other personality in the piece; a personality that you yourself are at home with; a personality so real and palpable that you feel you can reach out and touch him, in a way that would be impossible in the case of the impersonal generalizations represented in Egyptian sculpture or Babylonian bas-selief. — And with the women of Homer, it is the same; the same subtlety of design and drawing, the same fine line: the repentant Helen, Andromache of the tenderest farewell in literature, faithful Penelope, the unspoiled Nausicaa, and — well, I leave you to add your favorites. To all of them, Homer or, better, perhaps, Greece gave individual identities that lifted them out of the blur of mass-humanity as a telescopic camera singles a face out of the rush-hour crowd. And lest we get false notions about class distinctions, you might note that Thyrsites, vulgar and loud-mouthed commoner, and Eumaeus, who are nothing but swineherd, were to Homer, as a Greek, as much individuals and as interesting personalities as princes of the top families like Agamemnon and Menelaus. The proof is that he could and did expend as much of his art in the drawing of the slave as he did in the drawing of a prince; and he could not have that if the simple and humble folk around him, in real life, had not already acquired some, at least, of the marks that distinguish individuals.

The basis, then, of the Greek conception of life was **the affirmation of man's individuality**; and this, too, was the first and greatest contribution of Greece to Western Civilization — a contribution that contained, as in a cornucopia, all her contribution that was to follow. For, if you take from man his awareness of himself as an individual, or his pride in himself as a personality distinct from the crowd and having excellences and worth superior to the collective weight of the crowd, you, of necessity, destroy at their source all those other values like freedom, equality among men, equal justice for all, the democratic way of life, and everything they imply; they all become meaningless sounds, dreams of a shadow. On the other hand, give man that awareness of his individual self and worth, and, already, you not only have made freedom, equality, justice, and democracy goals of his aspiration; you have also supplied him with the divine drive to attain these goals, to realize them in the visible world around him. That, precisely, is what Greek civilization did for man. And in doing this much, of necessity it did much more; it unleashed and turned to the service of Wisdom and Beauty all the originality and versatility, all the powers of invention and of creative genius that are bound up in human individuality — and were to be accountable for so much of the priceless treasure for which we are indebted to Greece.

However, just as their silver drachma had two sides, obverse and reverse, so the Greeks knew from the start that this exciting thing, human individuality, had its obverse and reverse too. — Which brings us to the second of those two elementary ideas at the back of the Greek conception of life, on which we agreed to concentrate tonight. — It is an interesting sidelight on their genius that, from the dawn of their civilization, the Greeks grasped surely what every Pharaoh, every king of Babylon, and every dictator, in more recent times, has grasped — that human individuality contains a **threat** no less than a **promise.** The individual, if permitted to assert his individuality intemperately, very soon passes from an individual into an **INDIVIDUALIST,** into a crank, or fanatic — perhaps, an anti-social fanatic with peculiar regicidal tendencies wrap up in him, or tyrannical ambitions to supplant the tyrant whose tyranny he resents. But what distinguished Greek Civilization from all other civilizations was the manner in which it safeguarded its own society against that potential menace. Pharaohs and dictators deal with the problem in a summary way — a way that we are beginning to take for granted in this second half of the twentieth century! At the root, they cut off the possibility of risky individualism, **simply by cutting down or expunging the individual** himself. Mass-ignorance, deliberately fostered by superstition and the spell-

binding of a priestly caste, is the first weapon; it has its modern equivalents. The second weapon is the degradation of man effected by chains and the lash; that, too, has its counterpart today in the concentration- and the slave-labor camp. Using these means, the Pharaohs and dictators get rid of the menace of the individual by effacing at one stroke both the menace itself and all the promise and potential grandeur of the individual. But, to the Greeks, there could be no economy in this; and, accordingly, Greek genius did things the other way about: the Greeks not only kept the individual, but, more, they exalted him by concentrating attention on the fulfillment ultimately of all the promise that is in him. **And to this end, they substituted knowledge and enlightenment for mass-ignorance, and the rational restraints of law for the degradation of the lash and the concentration-camp.**

You have only to step into that early Greek world of Homer to realize that it is not a Pharaoh's world nor a dictator's world. Admittedly, the first impression is of a world on fire with the vehemence of action; battles rage everywhere around you; heroes are exerting titanic energies to carry off coveted prizes for prowess and endurance; passions are lusty and vengeance terrible. But you have not to wait long for more significant signs than these superficial signs of turbulence and physical violence. You are aware, almost at once, of the serenity that pervades this world and the men and women of tenderer feeling and courtesy that flow at the back of it; and you discover that it is a serene world because already — despite passions and violence surviving from an earlier age — **it is an ordered and a stable world.** Already it is, in its own way, a COSMOS; it is under the sway of reason and of **laws freely acknowledged and accepted!** So, you find individuals high and low, prince and menial, circumscribed by duties and obligations which they respect because sanctioned by religion and tradition and because viewed as inseparable from the zest itself and the joy of living. These men and women are not ciphers in a mob coerced and cowed by the lash; they are simply individuals already grown conscious of their responsibility as individuals and taking pride in that responsibility.

In my humble opinion, the most reputable of our classical scholars have failed lamentably to grasp, or, having grasped, to stress sufficiently the importance for Greek Civilization and, indeed, for the whole West of these fundamental duties or obligations that ruled the primitive Greek world. In their character of law, embryonic at first and defined more or less explicitly later, they lay at the heart of that Civilization at every stage of its onward march, supplying the ethical norms and the deeply spiritual values that accounted for its continuity and its amazing architectural unity throughout its development; and, in time, they became, with the reinforcement of Christianity, also the moral standards and the spiritual values, which so long as they continue to be cherished and guarded sacredly, must distinguish essentially Western Civilization from every other civilization past or present.

Let us, therefore, scrutinize these duties or obligations a little more closely. To begin with, they could not have been prescribed by written laws or statutes; for some three hundred years were to elapse after Homer's day, before the common man would be sure enough of his weight in the community to demand and obtain that the laws by which he was governed and judged be promulgated in writing. What, then, were the sources from which such duties derived. Well, I think we are safe in saying that there were three categories of obligations, each with a more or less distinct source or origin. First, there was that class of obligation which derives from the positive ordinances of the tribal king; these, in the first instance, are passed to meet particular situations, but enter into the traditional, unwritten code of the tribe either because of their exceptional wisdom or because of their blood-ties, out of ties of family, clan, and tribe, and therefore out of ties of locality too; these have to do with the outlawing of homicide and of parricide in its varying degrees, with the sanctity of oaths, with the laws of hospitality, and with the observance of the ritual worship and the due peformance of the sacrifices. And, finally, we have a third and altogether different class of obligation, the roots of which must be traced not to ties of family or tribe but to the distant origins of the Greek race as a whole — moral concepts and maxims conveying the deep ethical feeling of the Greek people, not in a particular locality, but everywhere, in the cities on the mainland, on the islands, and in the colonies founded in Italy and far off on the shores of the Euxine. It must be kept in mind that these concepts or maxims, often conveyed in a single word, at no time were viewed as the expression of mere conventional morality; rather they were acknowledged universally as dictates of Nature and her fundamental laws — "Laws of The World," Hesiod called them in his Theogony — and as such they were hedged round by the most solemn sanctions of religion and of public opinion. They find their way into the pages of every Greek author from Homer down to the end of the classical era; they are on the lips of the Delphic Oracle; and it is possible to discover them embedded deep in the substance of Aristotle's ethical writings.

We recognize their presence in the repetitious occurrence and underscoring of terms and phrases like: τό μέτρον the Mean between Extremes; σωφροσύνη meaning Temperance, or Sane- or Sober-Mindedness; δίκη signifying, first, The Way, then, The Right Way, and, finally, Justice; θνητά φρονεῖν an implied warning to keep one's thoughts on their proper, human level, to shun presumptuous, proud, and over-reaching thoughts; φθόνος θεῶν another warning to beware of that jealousy of the gods which too great wealth and material prosperity together with vain glory and boasting excite; and finally, ὕβρις καί νέμεσις those two correlated terms — one standing for the wanton, insolent violence done either to God or to man, and the other for the retribution that inescapably follows on the heels of all such wantonness and insolence. — That I think is a fairly representative list, though others come to mind even now.

What they inculcated, or to put it more correctly, what they IMPOSED (in their character of Law) on individual and state alike, was, in the beginning, a set of moral standards, standards of right conduct, based on VALUES, and values that

were considered absolute, i.e. valid for all time and in all places and in all circumstances. These included:

1. Soundness of judgment, with temperance and moderation in all things.

2. Proportion and balance, together with harmony of soul **and** of outward demeanour.

3. Serenity, clarity, and simplicity of mind, as opposed to all forms of fanaticism, sensationalism, and uncontrolled imagination.

4. Avoidance of extremes: extremes of material wealth, luxury, and sensual pleasure on the one hand, and of oriental mysticism and all forms of asceticism on the other.

5. The Precedence of The Right Way — The Way of Justice — over the Wrong Way, or the Devious Way, or The Way of Compromise and Expediency.

6. The Primacy of Reason — The Primacy of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty, **both** of Body and of Soul, over every meaner consideration of life.

This, then, was the third of the three categories of obligation which prior to the promulgation of written laws substituted in the Greek Way of Life for the chain and the lash of the Pharaoh and the slave-labor camp of the up-to-the-minute dictator. And the Greek idea, as we saw, was the Law, by its rational control of the individual, could do a better job than the lash or the concentration-camp. But the Greek could never take a purely negative view in any matter; he was essentially affirmative toward life, and, of course, it is this that explains why he was also essentially creative. Law could never be for him merely a control or negative restraint of individuality. It had to be positive in the sense of being at least directive, of guiding him along fresh paths of endeavor and opening up to him new horizons of beauty and truth. There was, besides, the characteristic Greek passion for extending the boundaries of knowledge, his striving to think through the context of existence as a whole and to fit man not only into the world of the City-State and of physical nature around him, but, equally, into the vaster and certainly more enigmatic scheme of the Universe. And to these characteristics, we must add still another, one that we ought, probably, to regard as a corollary of the simplicity and economy of his thinking. I mean his restless ambition to arrive ultimately at some one Universal Law, or at a single group of laws of universal application, which would not only be valid for man and for his social and physical environment, but offer, too, a final explanation of the Universe itself, its origin and nature.

Well, the Greek mind and the Greek ambition being what they were, it is not surprising that the identical standards and values which, a moment ago, we discussed in relation to right conduct should be found eventually extended beyond the region of ethics and made equally valid in the other regions of Greek life. And, actually, this is what happened! It is an amazing example of that peculiarly Greek process of simplification through integration — through the integration of the many in the one. So, let us look at it!

In the sixth century, nearly four centuries after Homer, we meet with a tremendous upsurge of fresh vitality in all the regions of Greek life and activity; doubtless, this is to be explained by the expanding freedom of the individual within the new community of the City-State, by the new horizons opened to him by navigation and commerce, and by the increased pace of colonization. But, whatever the cause, the effect is seen in the birth of physical philosophy in Ionia, the flowering of elegiac and lyric poetry in literature, new departures and unexpected advances in sculpture and vase-painting, and, at Athens, in political reforms which headed straight in the direction of that perfect democracy to be realized within the span of less than a century. Obviously, you cannot have an intellectual, artistic, and political awakening like this, without having also an awakening of the critical sense and a demand for criteria by which to evaluate each exciting advance. And, since it was a Greek word, honest principles and true standards of value and perfection were not only looked for but found. For cosmology and the sciences, for art and literature for politics, **all were found in that one set of standards based on immutable values that third category of unwritten law,** about which we were just speaking! **Greek integration of the many in the one! And, hence, the unparalleled unity of Greek Civilization!**

And, so, into its speculation about the origin and nature of the Universe, **physical philosophy,** or **cosmology,** absorbed that same δίκη "the Right way" or "Justice," the same concept of **extremes in opposition,** the same standards of **balance, equilibrium,** and **harmony,** that we met a moment ago in the region of conduct, translating them now from ethical principles into laws of primordial matter. — In **literature** and **the arts,** serenity, simplicity, balance, and proportion, the primacy of objective truth and beauty, fidelity to essentials, freedom from sensationalism, from fanaticism, and from uncontrolled imagination became fixed, eternal standards of perfection that even today, a day of formlessness and psychopathic posturing in art and letters, we still associate with the work of every classical Greek author, with every classical Greek sculptor, painter, and architect — yes, and with even the nameless generations of humble craftsmen who hewed in stone and took a vast pride in their toil at the potters wheel. Ideals of perfection! But we saw them, the same age-old values, only a moment ago guiding men's ethical lives as far back as the world of Homer. — And, meanwhile, at Athens, Solon's reforms had touched off **a social and political revolution** that would last for the better part of a century and end only when its ultimate goal — Democracy — would be achieved under Pericles, paradoxically an aristocrat. At every stage of the movement there was provocation to class-violence and all the ugly excesses of party-hatred. Yet, if we except the early interruption of the tyranny, at no time, do we encounter either excess or violence. Instead, the watchword faithfully observed was δίκη "Justice," not in the sense of legal statute or law court, but δίκη "The Right Way," or

(Continued on Page 72)

Contemporary Greek Sculpture

NIKOS PERANTINOS

MASTER OF SIMPLICITY AND THE CLASSICAL FORM

By MAVRETA JOAKIMIDES
(Athene Correspondent in Greece)

PERANTINOS AT WORK

ATHENS. — To the student of contemporary Greek sculpture, the personality of Nicos Perantinos comes immediatelyy to mind as one of the outstanding artists of the last ten or fifteen years, during a period, that is, which has been noted for hardworking and creative workers in the arts. Sculpture especially has had a noteworthy revival and Perantinos is among the few who have traveled the road to success, via hard work and sheer persistance.

Born in Athens in 1910, he is descended from the Island of Paros, famous for its magnificent marble quarries and its many sculptors. In 1934 he was awarded the Chrysovergion medal in sculpture by the School of Fine Arts in Athens, and for two years after graduation he worked with the famous Greek sculptor Tombros whose work appeared in Athene. "I can never repay what I have learned during those two years of apprenticeship with the master" says Perantinos, and his evolution as an artist justifies this appraisal.

In 1936 he exhibited at the International Art Show in Venice with beneficial results. Later he took part in the Panhellenic Art Shows of 1937, 1938 and 1939. In the last of these his marble "Head Of A Dancer" won the government sculpture prize and was purchased by the Department of Fine Arts of the Ministry of Education.

After the war Perantinos is active again. At a show in Cairo, Egypt, his "Synthesis" is acquired by the Bank of France in Cairo. That same year he worked on a marble bust of the internationally known archeologist David M. Robinson. The bust is now at the University of Mississippi.

In 1947 he won a scholarship and studied in Paris for two years. His marbles were accepted by the SALON D'AUTOMNE in 1948 and 1949. He won a bronze medal at the SALON DES ARTISTES FRANCAISE and when he exhibited at the SALON SOCIETE DES BEAUX-ARTS his "Head of a Girl from Paros" was bought by the department of Arts and Letters of the French ministry of Education and now is to be seen at the museum of Contemporary Art in Paris. This of course is supposed to be quite an honor to a foreigner, since the French are rather sensitive in their claims to world hegemony in matters of art.

Perantinos now plans one man shows here and abroad. And there is no doubt that with such shows his work will gain in appreciatoin since it will be presented as a whole and will encompass his entire career.

Perantinos is optimistic about the future of sculpture in Greece. He told me that in his opinion, there are quite a few talented young people in Greece who promise much. At any rate they seem to feel that it is their job to perpetuate the great tradition, and they mean to profit from their study of ancient Greek models.

Climatic conditions in Greece, he said, the sunlight and the clear atmosphere, are conductive to such a revival of the simplicity and clarity of sculpture that imbued the aritists of old. It is further my opinion, he continued, that the important thing in sculpture is the handling of the mass in a steady structural synthetic routine, that does not affect the simplicity of the line, but like rhythm, it clothes the idea in the form; in other words its aesthetic whole should conform to all the requirements inherent in the sculptural, architectural and plastic elements of the subject.

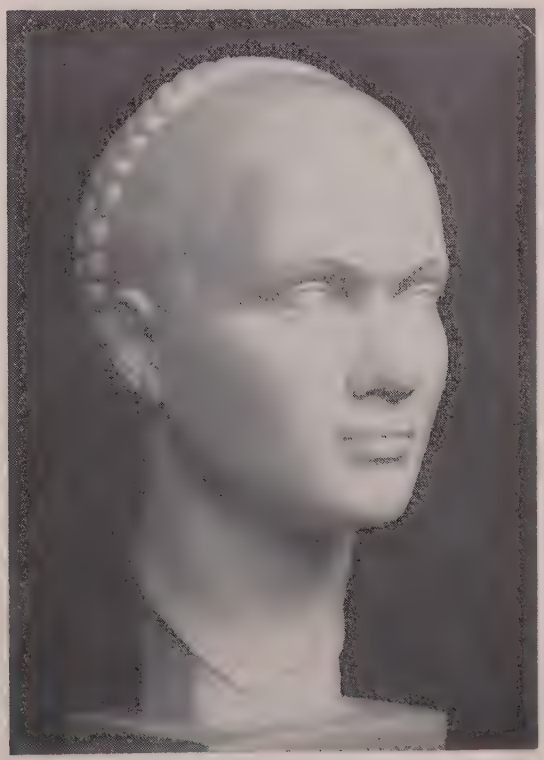
(NOTE: This article concludes the series of studies on the progress of Sculpture in Greece by our correspondent Mavreta Joakimides. Two other articles appeared in previous Athene issues. **The Editor).**

Perantinos:

Aphrodite (Left) - Athletic Girl, Resting

Delos:

Salon D'Automne, Paris, 1949



Megaritisa:

Salon Societè National Des
Beaux Arts, Paris, 1948

FIVE POEMS
by Alexandra Plakotarí

● Alexandra Plakotari published two volumes of poetry — LYRICS 1939 and LYRICS 1949. She also has written several articles on English Poetry and Drama. Born in Constantinople she was educated at the American Women's College there. She is now a teacher of English in Athens.

1.—MATUTINAL

No horizon, goal, or hope—
A boat sailing in a leaden cauldron
Searches through vapours in vain
For the sky.
Sails fastened to the spars.
The winds of expectation still asleep
In their trackless caverns.
No oars break the indifference
Of the water.
A motor, monotone, sets forth
The course with listless indolence . . .

Oh, when will the Great Sun come
And drive
His copper nails on the gates of dawn?
The sea will then awaken with shivers
Of bliss,
And the gull will wash its wings
On the foam; the horizon wil spread
Its arms and disperse the vapours
Of the Infinite.
Rosy will the earth smile.—
Then will our voyage find both goal
And hope.

(From "Lyrics" 1939)

2.—LULLABY

Put your hands,
Your tired hands
To sleep now;
Close this day of doubts
With an envigorating sleep
And let your mind keep watch.

Break the magic,
Fold the gifted hands
Softly over your breast,
Like pilgrim wings
That hazed and palpitating
Alight from a long flight.

Night brings visions,
Night solves mysteries;
Who knows, even tomorrow
These hands may work marvels.

(From "Lyrics" 1949)

3.—THE YOUNG MOON

Tonight the night has sunk
Desire so deep in its darkness
That all the boundaries of earth and sky
Have rolled into an immense cauldron,
As though the stars had come down to earth
And mingled with our wakeful windows
And all together shine like bright crosses
Upon black candelabra.

And I, dressed in my night array
Walk among them like a young moon
Which still keeps some of its portion dark
And fear lest I, hour by hour, take fire
And make the sleeping earth
My fate's holocaust, hour by hour,
As I proceed among the stars
With hesitating step,

Although I know of only one way
Between a sunset and another dawn;
And this because, in my dark circle is confined,
Needled with my very pulse,
All my desire's anticipation.
And yet, such is the calm of my continence
Mirrored in my face, that as I pass
The stars may one by one go out
And leave the earth untouched,
To be delivered from the burden
Of unfulfilled desire by dawn.

(From "Lyrics" 1949)

4.—CESAR FRANCK

The sun is binding us to a promise
Spherical as it appears behind the clouds,
A promise of joy and instability
To youth alone becoming.

But now that thoughts have thickened our brows
And anxious are to find a place in life
The naked sun can hardly be acceptable
To our upward stare.

Clouds discreet, spread out
Your greys in all their rich accord!
Throw in the noble, darker shades
With the tufted thick and airy whites;
Lightly heap your unspun wool
On the wheelless trains,
Roll over the rugged hills
Down to the flowing sea
And there, tune on the lined wave
Franck's fawn-toned bass complaint.

Oh, keep for a while yet the spring away.
Turn on the laden autumn taps
And let all nature's sorrow
Be emptied from our breasts
With a rash breathing,
With an unbroken clear song,
Single-veined,
Rending the heavens terrified
And then again let it be slow
And even the earth's breath. . . . .

I do not know if any good can come
Of so much joy, so much vernal joy,
For us, who have experienced death
Without any excuse as yet
For a rebirth.

(From "Lyrics" 1949)

5.—LAUGHING

You threw up your hands laughing
As the earth laughs
Behind the crystal trellis of the rain.

You threw up your hands laughing
As though they were almond-blossom boughs
With plenitude of dew on their petals.
Your eyes were only two cracks.

And I, coming with a load of pain in my heart,
A load reaching the danger-line,
Was startled when patterns roused my senses,
When rattling rhythms troubled my hearing,
Was startled when the poplars beckoned meanings,
Swaying their foliage as if their branches
Were hung with the souvenirs of a joy
I should have always worn very close,
Perhaps skin-next over my heart.

O your laughter, as I was coming with the load of pain
O'erbrimming the red danger-line,
Spread over my being like a sea
Whereon the bare sabress
Of a warrior sun dance.

Have you seen sad swans in coal black waters,
Forever running after the patterns of a perishable moon?
Thus have I run after the laughter I have lost.
The laughter of all carefree people
I shall have to win again even if I have to give
Some rare or priceless part of my very life.

Laughing let me go to sleep, like a labourer
Who by his labour earns a right to rest.
To sleep while my laughter tiptoes
Over the hard ladder of my heart
To mingle with your laughter, when night
Spreads her maternal apron
Over the looms of the earth.

(1950)

—ALEXANDRA PLAKOTARI

ACTUALLY

What did Esther say?
why does it matter what she said,
actually (and whatever is
actually?) I know what I think
Esther said.

What color were her words to you before they
wheeled, away
wheeled?

AT

Trembling, trembling all of it
the downhill part and the sudden rise;
the float, when then
all-floating we, with every wing
what angels have. A
dream — no more?

What's more than that:

than a dream,
than a what,
than a some of you?

TO A MODERN SAPPHO

Break wondering heights with smarting arabesques;
be Sapphic without dying for a grief.
Destroying life without yourself destroying
cannot be done so far away from Lesbos.

There are too many rooms with curtains drawn;
too many songs to lash against their walls,
and icy panic on a scrap of paper
is no more born in contemplating rocks.

Let the shroud lie. Others will weave its straightness.
There is no need for you to ply the loom.
Record your loss, then find another Phaeon.
If he were not, then how would you speak sorrow?

—CONSTANCE E. HATSON

RENUNCIATION

One day my father took me along
On a pilgrimage most queer;
We visited a hermit who lived among
Rocks barren and surroundings drear.
Many a decade he had spent
In a dreary and solitary hole,
Many a day and night he went
Athirst and hungry for his soul.
And as he gave me holy advice
Should I ever go far, far away
How to avoid pleasures and vice,
His soul seemed to mock and say:
"My boy, if I had to live my life over
I'd sell my soul to be sinning rover."

SONNET

When I first passed by your garden you blushed;
When I first saw you wrapped in loveliness
That ever memorable night, away you rushed
Lest I should come too near my love to press;
When I first taught you the ecstasy of emotion
You tip-toed away with a half-mischievous turn;
When I first spoke of love and devotion
You told me that of love I have much to learn.
When I first told you that I love your kisses
And the dreamy appeal of your heavenly eyes
You told me that a wise lover never misses
To pile love on love and fire on burning sighs.
I know I have to learn of love anew, but say,—
Who my subject is to be, and who the guide pray?

SONNET

He was young but over him want held its sway.
He went sulking for his youth and poverty's disgrace
And damned all creation and cursed the very day
That launched him in a world unhospitable and base.
So he forgot how to laugh, to smile or to play.
Day and night he hurried for the sake of wealth
And as he marched into money youth faded away,
And as he gained power he ruined his health.
Then when leisure came at last, and he had sought to find
The youthful joys he let go in building his career,
He heard a strange whispering, a voice from behind:
'You have arrived my lad, unload the cargo here!'
If this tale strikes you as being out of joint,
You may be the wiser, though you miss the point.

—D. M.

Aphrodite of the Home
- THE BELOVED VENUS OF MILO

By CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST

Author of "Perseus and the Gorgon" - "Homer and the Prophets"

In 1820 a Greek peasant who was digging in his stony field in Melos, a little island of the Cyclades that lies to the south and west of Athens, came upon some stones of considerable size and some value, so he dug farther and, incidentally, came upon a small, underground cave, which had been covered up carefully and sealed with the heavy stone. There, concealed in the cave, he found, along with some other fragments, this marble statue, in two parts.

He called in the village priest, and they decided to invite the French consul in Melos to see the statue, and offered to sell it to him for 20,000 fr. He was not in a hurry to buy it, but wrote to the French Consul in Constantinople about the offer. No answer arrived until April, when a French ship came in from Constantinople with M. D'Urville Dumont on board, who had been instructed to inspect it. Its owner had not been able to sell it and had lowered the price to 4,800 fr. The French Consul in Constantinople now authorized Count Marcellus of his embassy to go to Melos and buy it. But when he arrived he found that the statue had now been sold and that they were putting it aboard a little brig bound for Constantinople.

The French decided not to let it escape them and protested to the Turkish authorities that their bargain had been concluded, that the owner had not right to sell it to any other person, and that the French were entitled to have it, were willing to pay not only the 4,800 fr. for which it had been offered, but even 6,000 fr. (*) the other buyer had not yet paid, the peasant was satisfied with the price offered, the Turkish authorities did not care one way or the other, and the statue was placed on board the French ship and started on its way to France. It was delivered at the Louvre in 1821 and was named the Venus of Milo in recognition that it represented the ancient Goddess of Love and Beauty and in respect to the island where it had been found.

Count D'Urville had reported that the statue was in two parts, that both of its hands were missing, that one of its hands had held an apple —but that hand can not reasonbly be assumed to have belonged to the statue, for the marble of the statue was of a different kind. Both of the arms were broken off, but the left arm was still there to below the elbow. The left foot was gone, the tip of the nose was missing, and there were cudgel marks all over the body, understood to have been caused by the violence that had been done to the statue by Christian iconoclasts in the early centuries, who had come to look upon their pagan gods as demons and tried to destroy all of their statues by violence. At the Synod of Elvira, 300 A. D., a canon was passed declaring the practice of image-breaking to be one not recorded in the Gospels or recorded of any of the apostles, and denying the honors of martyrdom to those who in the future resorted to it. But the practice of image-breaking still continued in the Fourth Century, with the result that not a single statue of the ancient gods has come down to us unblemished. The last stronghold of paganism was Athens.

(*) About $1,200 at that time—a wealthy peasant!

Pausanias tells that there were two temples of Apphrodite in Athens, that Phidias had made a statue of the goddess in Parian marble and Alcamenes also made one "which will rarely be surpassed among the great works in Athens." These temples of Aphrodite were destroyed and probably buried so deep by the iconoclasts that no traces of them have been found. This had been done also in the early centuries to the statue and the temple of the Gorgon in Corfu and to that of Aphrodite in Paphos. Only recently the statue and temple of the Gorgon in Corfu have been excavated, but that of Aphrodite in Paphos has never been located though excavators have sought for it.

This battered but very beautiful statue of the Goddess Aphrodite had been rescued, it is supposed, by some of her worshippers who still loved her and reverenced her, and, probably at night, it has been carried by ship to Melos, to remain there in the cave, forgotten after the last of her worshippers had adopted the new faith.

At the time when the Venus reached Paris, the famous French painter, David, who was then in exile, requested Debay, one of his pupils, to send him a sketch of it, and this Debay did—the sketch was made by his son, who was an art student. This sketch is a very important document in the history of the Venus, for it shows Greek lettering on the fragment of the pedestal that then remained, but gives no information as to where it was made or by whom.

It evidently belonged to the best period of Greek art. In every stroke of the chisel art judges discover proof of the fine perception that the Greek artist had for every detail of a nobly developed woman's form. She is a full blown flower of beauty and the words of Homer may be applied to her statue, She "blooms with eternal youth". Anything comparable to her has never been seen. Even the manner in which the outer skin, the epidermis, is represented in this marble is unsurpassed. After rubbing the stone with pumice, it was customary for the Greek sculptors of the good period to let the chisel skim lightly over the

surface of the marble when they wished to produce the effect of a skin warm with life and soft as velvet. On too many of the ancient works this outer skin has been destroyed by polishing. Here, nothing of the sort has taken place, the nude parts appear like an elastic cellular tissue.

These points are stressed in the study of the Venus made by Del Mar, who points out that much of the damage was done to the statue by the early iconoclasts, but much was done also after she was placed in the cave in Melos, and much was done in the workshop of the Louvre. Devout and fanatical priests and their followers have often considered it their duty to mutilate or destroy the monuments of other religions, as the Spaniards destroyed the monuments of the Aztecs in Mexico.

It is certain that great damage was done to the Venus before she was taken out of the workshop of the Louvre, and that among the injuries were the following: her left arm was broken off at the shoulder, (it had extended to below the elbow, as is seen in Debay's drawing), also changes were made in the left breast and the navel, the hips were cut out and replaced with new ones, the back of the head was cut out and restored, the left shoulder and the back were damaged. It is abundantly evident that above the Goddess' head there had been something and on the left arm there had been something else, which were destroyed.

Consulting with an artist who had studied in the best studios in Europe, Del Mar concluded that the raising of the left side of the body and the posture of the knee of the statue prove that she must have carried a considerable weight on her left arm. Various efforts have been made to restore what the left arm had held, such as an **apple,** a **dove,** a **wreath.** And now a **child** was added to the design by Francisca Del Mar, interpreted to be the Holy Child, the Young Dionysus, the Giver of the Vine and Inspiration, who had been celebrated in the Mysteries in Eleusis, carried by the Mother amid cries of joy, **"Iacchus! Iacchus!"**

In Athens Dionysus was celebrated in the theatre as the God who inspired the Drama, and a sacrifice was offered to him at his altar before the action of the tragedy began.

The theory that this Venus had represented the Mother Goddess of the late centuries in Greece had been advanced first by the Count Marcellus, who had been instructed to report on the statue before it was purchased. The report which he rendered said positively, "It can be demonstrated that the statue represents the Panagia, or Mother of the Gods", and thus it expresses that holy sentiment of love and maternity which the Greeks loved and adored.

The exalted expression and the noble bearing of the Venus are such that she could not have been intended to represent the Aphrodite whom Theocritus defied in his first Idyl, who was cruel and smiling, and it is not possible that she was intended to represent the shameless Aphrodite whom Homer's Myth had presented, who had led Helen astray and so caused the Trojan war, who had had been laughed out of Olympus by the gods, with that potent laughter which the Greeks directed in their comedies against follies and vice. This shameless Aphrodite in Olympus had been reprimanded by Zeus himself and admonished to use her great gifts for the benefit of the Home.

APHRODITE OF THE HOME

This myth of Homer's makes it abundantly evident that Homer and the early Greeks held the highest moral and religious convictions as to Love, and War, and the Home. In the late centuries Plato held the same, for he recognized Aphrodite Urania, the Heavenly Aphrodite, who was of the Home, as well as this shameless Aphrodite, Pandemus,—the free-to-all.

After the statue of the Venus had been taken to Paris, some further researches were made in the Cave in Melos, and there a gold collar and gold earrings were found, evidently torn from her by the peasants. They were of Byzantine workmanship and were sent on to Paris. Also in the cave in Melos the sculptured hand of a baby was found among the debris which remained there. Its marble was like that of the statue, and it was preserved in a glass case in the same room in the Louvre where the statue stands, evidence that a statue of a child had been broken when the statue of the Venus had been broken. Further evidence as to the Goddess's original state is seen in the fact that her ears are marked, where there had been earrings, and a line in the hair on the top of her head is like those commonly shown on Greek Goddesses, marking the place where a halo, or nimbus, called a "sling", had been worn. Del Mar concluded: "Artists and critics seem to have forgotten that this statue was that of the Goddess of Love and Maternity, erected in a temple of worship, bedecked with jewels, with a halo, or nimbus on her haed." The character revealed in her face and bearing is such that she must have been worshipped as the Aphrodite of the Home, the Mother of the Holy Child, the young Dionysus who was celebrated in the Mysteries.

The theory that the Venus of Milo was intended to represent the Mother Goddess is seen to agree with the theory that Count Marcellus had reported when the statue was purchased: He reported positively, "It can be demonstrated that the statue represents the Panagia, or Mother of the Gods."

It is not possible that the Venus of Milo was intended to represent the shameless Aphrodite of whom Homer had represented, whom the Gods had exposed when she was caught in the Golden Net with Ares, whom even Helen had turned against and reproached bitterly:

> "Strange Queen, why art thou now desirous to beguile me! Thou comest hither with guileful intent! Go thou and sit thou at his side and depart from the ways of the gods, neither let thy feet bear thee back to Olympus, but still be vexed for his sake and guard his slave. But thither will I not go to array the bed of him. All the women of Troy will hate me, and I have griefs untold within my soul!"

Homer's myth was reinforced by the character that he showed in Hera and Athena when they united against Ares and Aphrodite.

When Athena had worsted Ares on the battlefield, he had shouted to her, "Thou dogfly! What is the reason thou makest gods fight thus?" for he had no conception of the moral issues for which the gods fought. While Ares lay defeated before her, Athena answered him, "Fool! Hast thou not been taught to know mine eminence?" And she proceeded to teach him her eminence by dealing him an effective blow, from which he should have learned that the moral force of Wisdom is more than equal to his merely brute force, even in physical combat.

Aphrodite, falsely true, now came forward to help Ares from the field, when Hera cried "Athena, see! Ares is helped from the field! 'Dogfly his rude tongue called thee—upon her fly!" Athena then struck another blow, wounded Aphrodite and shouted in triumph over two, "So lie all who succors yield to the false Trojans against the Greeks!" And at that, "white-wristed Hera smiled", though it was her own son whom she saw thus publicly beaten and scorned.

Also, the myth of the Apple of Discord inscribed **To the Most Fair,** which Paris had awarded to Aphrodite instead of to Hera or Athena, must not be interpreted as caused by their basic jealousy of Aphrodite, but must be interpreted as entirely justified because of their godlike agreement as to what is wise and strong in support of the Home.

It is clear that the Venus of Milo must have represented Homer's Aphrodite of the Home, and that she was the Mother Goddess of the Eleusinian Mysteries, and carried the Holy Child, the high hope of the world.

This conception of heavenly Love is seen to be emboded in the statue of the Venus. There is not the slightest frivolity about her, or of sensuality, or of self-consciousness. In naked beauty she stands an image of chastity, a queen in dignity, not haughty or forbidding, a fully developed woman, wife and mother, worthy to bear the Holy Child who will be The Inspiration of the World.

Only a race that was intellectually, morally, and religiously inferior to the Greeks would adopt the shameless Aphrodite as a divinity to be worshipped, along with Mars (Ares), whom Zeus himself had condemned roundly. But that is what the Romans did, for the shameless Venus (Aphrodite) was honored by Romans as the mother of Aeneas by her secret and shameful relations with Anchises, who was a mere mortal, a shepherd on the hills. It was this Aeneas who was honored by the Caesars as their ancestor, the founder of their House, and by the Romans as the founder of their nation—a sorry contrast to the Heavenly "Aphrodite of the Home".

The influence of Homer and his myths of Helen and the Shameless Aphrodite can not but have exerted a strong influence, moral and religious, on his race and time. The ancient system of matriarchy was still observed in many places in Homer's day, as it is still observed in Trevancore, in India, where the Makarana chooses and changes her mate at will. The tragic fate of the beautiful Helen must be seen as a warning to men, a warning echoed, perhaps, in the Proverbs of Solomon, who often and strongly warned men against "the Fair Woman from a far country" who leads men astray to their ruin.

However that may be, we are told that the beautiful Venus of Milo still exerts her elevating influence on the modern world, and that admiring visitors often sit reverent in her presence. The room where she stands, on account of her presence, may be likened to an ancient pagan shrine, and is comparable to the room in the Dresden gallery where the Sister's Madonna stands, the latter being a Christian counterpart of the former. Dr. Carus says, "Our Blessed Lady of Milo", as we may call this beautiful representative of Greek paganism, has always a group of admiring visitors sitting quietly before her, and there is a hush in the room which recalls the sanctity of religious chapels attended by religious worshippers.

Of Interest to Athene Readers

OEDIPUS TYRRANOS, presented at the Ancient Theatre in Delphi, during the Homecoming Year Celebrations. On the stage are to be seen Minotis (Oedipus), Madame Paxinou (Iokasta) and M. Glynos (Creon).

PRINCE PETER of Greece looking at a map in front of his Caravan somewhere in India. He sent us this photo from Tashiding, Kalimpong, West Bengal. Prince Peter has sent us three articles already from the historic subcontinent and his researches in Old India are unearthing new facts about Hellenic influence in the Orient. Photo was taken by a young American student from Benares, Kenn Reed.

THE INTERPARLIAMENTARY TOURIST CONGRESS convened in Athens this Fall. Nine countries sent delegates: Belgium, Brazil, France, West Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Luxemburg, Monaco, and Greece. Several measures were studied, and a number of decisions deal with the unification of Hotel legislation in all countries and other subjects unique to international tourism. In the picture we see many of the delegates. Some of those who attended the congress are: Henry Marck, president of the Interparliamentary Tourist union and former minister of Tourism in Belgium; Giuseppe Ghiostergi, vice-president of the Italian Parliament; Emile Reuter, president of the Luxemburg House of Deputies; Fernando De Mello Vienna. vice-president of the Brazilian Senate; Christian Pineau, former minister of Tourism and the Bureau of Transportation in France; Jules Hoen, member of the Belgian parliament, etc. The Greek contingent was made up of Aimianos, G. Athanasiades-Nova, L. Eutaxias, G. Kasimatis, S. Kotiades, I. Melas, A. Papathanasis, and Th. Tsatsos.

The Prometheus of Aescylus

By HELEN POPE

"Probably no play has produced such a profound impression on mankind. 'Rien de plus extraordinaire, says Weil. Droysen considered the **Prometheus** 'das tiefsinnigste Werk des Aeschylus und vielleicht der griechischen Poesie.' Certainly no drama has been written about so much (more than three thousand texts, annotated editions, translations, treatises, and articles); and no other tragedy has inspired so many poetical works, or evoked so many reminiscences and illusions."

"Conceptions and misconceptions of the play and of individual phrases have inspired an endless number of writers. Christian interpretations of the myth are as old as Tertullian (ca. A.D. 155-230). The play exerted important influence on Milton, Goethe, Byron, Shelley (whose poem, **Prometheus Unbound,** is well known), the Brownings, Swinburne, Robert Bridges, and many other poets."

" . . . everything in the tragedy is conceived upon a vast and visionary scale. It is no episode of real or legendary history which forms the subject-matter of the play. The powers of heaven and earth are in action. The destinies of Olympian Zeus and of the whole human race are at stake."

"Aeschylus' characters are gods, heroes, and supermen, drawn on a majestic scale with little detail. His drama is characterized by a deep moral and religious earnestness, presented with all the dignity and power afforded by his mastery of the resources of the Greek language. His religion is one of fatalism; yet his world is not ruled by blind chance, for the power of Zeus is supreme."

Aeschylus "is par excellence the apostle of Zeus, as Pindar may be said to have been of Apollo." "He confessed it impossible to excel the Hymn to Zeus of the obscure Tynnichus, on account of its antique piety, which gave it the character of an inspiration."

"Zeus is air, Zeus is earth, Zeus is heaven;
Zeus is everything, and whatever is beyond."

If we except the **Prometheus Bound,** "almost every page of Aeschylus expresses the same conception of the power, wisdom, and justice of Zeus.

'Tireless and effortless, works forth its will the arm divine,
God from his holy seat, in calm of unarmed power
Brings forth the deed at its appointed hour.'"

"Zeus—by what name soe'er
He glories being addressed,
Even by that holiest name
I name the Highest and Best."

"But the Zeus of the **Prommetheus** is very different from that mighty, inscrutable deity of whom the chorus in the **Agamemnon** sings." In the **Prometheus** Zeus "is arbitrary, irresponsible, violent, lustful, cruel, and ruthless. He is a tyrant . . . Hermes is truculent, servile, and ridiculous. . . . They are hostile to the human race. Nearly the whole play is devoted to the display of the vindictive cruelty of these gods to Prometheus, whose only fault was that he befriended man, and to Io, whose only fault was that she was lovely." Defenders of Zeus "refuse to read the play as it is written." Certainly, "the student of Greek religion has no more difficult problem to face than that of the **Prometheus Vinctus."** The problem is twofold.

How could Aeschylus, whose religion "is lofty, sublime, austere, like that of the ancient Hebrew prophets" exceed "any other Greek in satanizing deliberately the supreme god?"

Secondly, if, according to the view of all the authors hitherto quoted, Prometheus appears as the most oppressed of martyrs and Zeus as the most unjust of tyrants, the question arises, how an Athenian audience, an audience proverbially remarkable for piety (Act. Apost. xvii. 22), at a solemn religious festival on the public stage, could tolerate such a representation?" "Comedy of course has its proper liberty and license of irreverence. But it would be inconceivable that the solemn religious festival dedicated to tragedy should have been tolerant of an impiety which deliberately disowned the supreme god of the national faith by representing him as a cruel, a jealous, and a vindictive tyrant."

Prometheus does not appear in Homer. "Hesiod knew Prometheus as the god who abstracted fire from Olympus, but could envisage him only as a cunning trickster who delights in deceiving Zeus." Herodotus refers briefly to his wife Asia. In comedy Prometheus is treated by Epicharmus, Aristophanes, and Lucian; in tragedy, if we except a translation by the Roman Accius, only by Aeschylus, in plays apparently four in number, of which one is extant.

The number of interpretations put upon the myth in Aeschylus by modern commentators "is astonishing, and yet it is possible that the poet had none of them consciously before his mind's eye. They have been well summed up by Patin under six heads:" historical, philosophical, moral, Christian, scientific, political. More recent theories, based often on the evolution of a progressive Zeus through the 3,000 years elapsing between the extant play **Prometheus** and another, probably **Prometheus Unbound,** have been explained by Miss Bacon, Miss Case, Miss Matthaei (Mrs. Howard), Heinrcih Keck, Walter Headlam, Gilbert Murray, O. J. Todd, J. A. K. Thomson, David Greene, George Thomson, C. B. Gulick, H. D. F. Kitto, W. K. Prentice, E. Fitch, **et al.,** in essays illuminating as showing the response of cultured minds to a work of genius.

More vital I find the interpretation of Edward George Harman in **The Prometheus Bound of Aeschylus,** from whom I quote, page v: "Briefly, my theory is that this drama is not part of a trilogy, as is now

commonly supposed, though on no real evidence, nor is it concerned with a methaphysical problem, but, like all the other surviving plays of Aeschylus, it is political in character and concerned with the author's own fortunes and his relations with the Athenian democracy." And from page 13, "By 'Zeus, in his character as antagonist of Prometheus, the sovereign democracy of Athens is, in my opinion, intended; in the foolish marriage' with Thetis (not named, but implied), which is the 'grand secret' by keeping which Prometheus expects to obtain release from his torments, is the 'marriage' of Athens to the sea, the new naval policy favoured by Themistocles, which culminated at a later date in the building of the Long Walls to the Piraeus; etc.

Another noteworthy book is Wilhelm Schmid's **Untersuchungen zum gefesselten Prometheus,** neuntes Heft, Tubinger Beitrage. To this renowned professor of profound erudition and prodigious thoroughness has been entrusted the sphere of Greek literature in Mullers Handbuch. He covers Aeschylus and six tragedies in erster Teil, zweiter Band (1934), but the **Prometheus Bound** in erster Teil, dritter Band, erste Haelfte (1940). For the Gordian-knot of our Zeus-problem Schmid cuts by declaring that our play was composed not by Aeschylus, but about 450 B.C. in Athens by a rhetorical, theatrical poet of sophistic tendencies, probably a metic or foreigner.

Like others, Schmid stresses the fact that the lyrics of the **Prometheus** are not long and ruggedly majestic. Approximately, the choruses in the **Suppliants, Persae, Septem** constitute one half of the total length of the dramas; in the Oresteia one third; in the **Prometheus** one seventh. Yet Gilbert Murray calls the poetry of the **Prometheus** lyrics markedly Aeschylean. Schmid scorns the vocabulary of the Prometheus but Peretti finds it Aeschylean. The many undoubted peculiarities in our play most scholars explain by citing revision or interpolations, by the continued presence of the hero on the stage, the influence of Sicilian rhetoric, etc. But Schmid is uncompromising. On page 94 he remarks mildly that Prometheus not only cannot use force but declines using it on principle: replacing Force by Persuasion is a chief point in the program of the sophists. On page 97 he lashes at our hero in a frenzy of vicious contempt. However, he himself admits that this play was accepted as genuine at Alexandria and for two thousand years. As its gallant champion Korte states: "Anstandslos geht es als Werk des Aeschylos durch die Jahrhunderte bis auf Gercke." Of it a poet exclaims: "No one after 456 wrote like that." We recall perforce the century-long obliteration of our divine Homer, at which only poets protested. Learned scholars followed after Wolf, foolishly like sheep, or rather, sheepishly like fools. Only a Scott can accurately evaluate Schmid's mass of statistics, but to all of us that love Greek poetry the drama **Prometheus Bound** about the gods themselves among the elements in the illimitable spaces of timeless eternity is the most Aeschylean of the works of Aeschylus. See **The Musical History** in the Medicean Codex.

The Zeus-problem is not solved, I think, either by Schmid though his discussions are valuable, or by Harman though his hypotheses are plausible and stimulating, especially his parallel between the **Prometheus** and that other baffling play, the **Birds** of Aistophanes. As to "How did the Athenian audience, who vehemently attacked the poet for divulging the Mysteries, tolerate such a drama?" Harman observes that "There is no evidence that the **Prometheus Bound** was ever performed on the stage, and the internal evidence seems to suggest that it was not," and Schmid growls, "Ob es um die Mitte des funten Jahrhunderts einen Archon gab, der dem Dichter des **Prometheus Bound** einen Chor bewilligt, ein Theaterpublikum, das sich diesen trotzenden und prahlenden und im Grund doch femininen Theomachos bewarmt hatte, mochte ich sehr bezweifeln." But the burden of proof is on Harman and Schmid, and they can adduce no evidence for a Lesestuck.

These scholars agree also in doubting that our **Prometheus** was ever part of a trilogy. But the best manuscript of Aeschylus, the Mediceus sive Laurentianus xxxii. 9 membranaceus, saeculi xi, continens vii Aeschyli tragoedias ("Constat enim Mediceum ceteris ut aetate ita auctoritate longe praestare") includes a Catalogue of Aeschylus' Dramas. The list consists of four columns of titles of separate plays (tetralogies disrupted), running horizontally, left to right, in alphabetical order: **Agamemnon, Athamas, Aigyptioi, Aitnaioi Gnesioi.** Obviously the compiler planned to put 18 of the 72 titles in each column, but since he separated **Aitnaioi Gnesioi** at the top of the fourth column and **Aitnaioi Nothoi** second in the first column, there remained a 73rd title, which he put at the bottom of the fourth column. Impeccable alphabetical order up to the third letter is maintained through the first 14 entries, through the deltas. Thereafter the alphabetization holds only for the initial letter. "Huic catal. desunt fabulae decem." Bergk et Dieterich "coniecerunt Catalogum prius quinque columnis scriptum, quarum una perdita excidissent xviii fabularum nomina." But I believe, irrespective of the material covered, that the present list is intact: the two entries "Aitnaioi" prove that no column has been lost to right or left of the list: the ten titles omitted here but cited elsewhere could not be fitted into any one column, so as to preserve the alphabetical order.

The 55th, 56th, and 57th entries, in the third, fourth, and first columns are, respectively, **Prometheus Bound, Prometheus Firebearer, Prometheus Unbound.** Note that if there is a tetralogy the fourth play does not contain the name Prometheus. That satyr plays, however, are listed in this Catalogue transpires from the names Proteus, Sphinx, etc. It is generally assumed that our extant play is the **Prometheus Bound.**

A **Prometheus Fire Kindler** is mentioned only by Pollux 9.156 and 10.64.

The best place to study these Promethean plays is the TGF of Augustus Nauck. His item 188, page 62, "Schol. Aristid. p. 501" from the **Prometheus Desmotes** is not to be found in our extant play. Likewise, a line quoted in Aulus Gellius 13.19.4 from the **Pyrphoros** may be an error for the **Choephoroi 582.** On the other hand, the quotations from the **Lyomenos** are far too numerous to be doubtful. It is, according to Schmid, "Monodrama;" is self-sufficient; "eine einfache und warmherzige Huldigung fur den Schutzer des damals machtig emporrnluhenden attischen Gewerbefleisses, insbebsondere der fur den

attischen Aussenhandel so wichtigen Vasenfabrikation;" Aschylean.

There is a fifth Promethean play, herein to be designated—please pardon the inconsistency—as the Fourth Play, because it is the fourth play presented with the **Persae** in 472 B.C.

The theories about these five plays are legion. The line from the **Pyrkaeus** quoted in Pollux 10..64 (Nauck 205) has an anapest in the fourth foot, possible only in a satyr play. Some scholars identify the **Pyrkaeus** with my so-called Fourth Play, others with the **Pyrphoros:** some think the three are identical.

The Medicean trilogy some arrange **Pyrphoros, Desmotes, Lyomenos,** others **Desmotes, Lyomenos, Pyrphoros.** Many believe there is no trilogy in the narrow sense. Others recognize only a dilogy, the **Desmotes** and **Lyomenos**. But this intricate problem, since it does not bear directly on the solution I shall presently propose for our extant **Prometheus** drama, I beg leave to bypass, in order to discuss another tetralogy of Aeschylus.

Excellent ancient evidence, the Hypothesis to the **Persae,** states that in 472 B.C. (archonship of Menon, of course at Athens) Aeschylus won the first prize presenting **Phineus, Persae, Glaukos, Prometheus.** Elsewhere we find, instead of **Glaukos, Glaukos Potnieus,** and learn that Pericles was the choregus. The Medicean Catalogue omits **Phineus** and **Glaukos Potnieus** but lists a **Glaukos Pontios.** In the ancient Hypothesis, PROMETHEUS STANDS ABSOLUTELY ALONE—without **Pyrphoros** or **Pyrkaeus** or Saturikos.

Whether or not these four plays formed a tetralogy in the narrow sense, likewise, is disputed. Again, that point is not of primary importance for my thesis. What concerns me is this Fourth Play, **Prometheus.** In the ancient notations recording dramatic contests at Athens, the fourth play of a series is, with two exceptions, designated as a satyr play.

The two exceptions are the Fourth Play just mentioned, the **Prometheus** of Aeschylus performed in Athens in 472, and the **Alcestis** of Euripides performed in 438 B.C. as fourth play after **Cretan Women, Alkmaion at Psophis,** and **Telephos.** The argument to the **Alcestis,** the only play of the four extant, informs us further that (in the tragic contest) Sophocles was first and Euripides second.

Like the Titan Prometheus the patient Griselda Alcestis, was often treated in comedy by the Greeks, but in tragedy only by Euripides, an iconoclast like Aeschylus. As unhappy critics reluctantly admit, both our extant **Prometheus** and the **Alcestis** contain undeniable comic elements, even repugnant scenes such as are rarely admitted in a Greek tragedy: the torture of Prometheus, the death of Alcestis, the vulgar wrangling of Prometheus with Hermes, of Admetus with Pheres, the grotesque Io, the gluttonous Hercules. Verrall even contends that the **Alcestis** is actually a comedy without the satyric elements. Yet Bates finds the **Alcestis** "a play of great beauty." My guess is that Euripides with the universal comprehension and the compassion of a great soul chafed at the smug egotism of Admetus in this tale and yet was not permitted by commonplace Athenian prejudice (he may even have made the effort) to present Alcestis as heroine of a tragedy. Just so we feel today about Jephtha's daughter and the many young people in ancient mythology "devoted" by their relatives. Thus, Euripides may have resorted to a device already inaugurated by a poet still more original and willful than he, the mighty Aeschylus; namely, the use of the fourth play for a theme not sanctioned in the first three plays of a tragic tetralogy.

I submit that our extant **Prometheus** is the FOURTH PLAY presented by Aeschylus at Athens in 472 B.C. As fourth play it could exploit the license accorded to satyr dramas and comedies, and could depict the feud between the old Titan and the upstart Olympian with the same impunity that Aristophanes enjoyed in vilifying Dionysus at Dionysus' own festival. This would explain the attitude of the Athenian officials and audience. But the poet's own attitude? Surely, the gifted Aeschylus, most famous of all writers of satyr dramas, did not fumble between tragedy and comedy. Nor can our sublime play, which has inspired great souls throughout the ages, have failed to spring from the loftiest communion of a majestic spirit. There were persecuted minorities in the religious and social, political and industrial world of Ancient Athens, and the august Aeschylus felt it to be a poet's duty to guide the people. I feel that Harman is wrong in selecting a grievance that is political and personal. I suspect that in the case of the great Aeschylus it is more likely to be religious and altruistic. "If ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?"

Perhaps this mode of introducing a lofty lesson to involuntary learners, i. e. giving an earnest play instead of a farce, came about largely by chance, as the result of a sojourn in Sicily. Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse, welcomed as visitors the poets Simonides and Bacchylides, Phrynichus, Pindar, and Aeschylus. There is no reason to accept the ugly insituations of the Ancient Bios that Aeschylus left Athens because jealous of Simonides and Sophocles. While in Sicily our Poet wrote the **Women of Aitna** in connection with the city founded about 476 B.C. by Hiero on the cite of Catania after the eruption of Mount Aetna. He was probably much impressed by the picturesque disaster and interested in Typhon, Hephaestus, and kindred figures. In the Medicean List are several titles that may well indicate a Sicilian origin, and these plays he may have written in Sicily under conditions and according to traditions very different from those imposed on him at Athens. At the court of Hiero he must have met the famous Epicharmus, whose plays differed from both tragedies and comedies of Greece. Epicharmus wrote two dramas called **Persians** and **Prometheus**, possibly parodies of the two plays presented at the one festival by Aeschylus, the **Persae** and our **Prometheus;** both Epicharmean and un-Aeschylean in simplicity and clarity of diction. Our **Prometheus** is Epicharmean in another respect: it is known that Epicharmus did not use the elaborate Attic chorus and komos. Another comic poet at Hiero's court Deinolochus, also wrote about Prometheus. Two of his titles, **Telephus** and **Comodotragodia** remind us of Euripides' plays of 438 B.C. A Syracusan Phormus wrote a comedy **Admetus,** and the great Sophron of Syracuse wrote a mime about Prometheus. Though a comic genius Epicharmus was deeply interested in Pythagoreanism, which like the

Orphic Mysteries and local cults was not so rigidly subordinated to Zeus and the other Olympians in Sicily as at Athens.

Two articles, maintaining and I believe proving, that both the **Persae** and the **Prometheus** were written originally in Sicily, are of extraordinary interest for my thesis.

Building on the ancient testimony of Eratosthenes that the **Persae** was brought out at Syracuse at Hiero's request, Wilamowitz in Hermes 32 declares that there is no reason to doubt that the first and original production was in Syracuse.

Friedrich Focke in Hermes 65 very expressly contends—others have hazarded the guess—that our **Prometheus** was presented first as Syracuse, he explaining many of its peculiarities. (However, he does not solve the Zeus-problem, for the Argument to the **Persae** proves that in 472 B.C. the **Phineus, Persae, Glaukos** (Potnieus), Prometheus were performed in Athens.)

I wish the issue were as clear-cut concerning tetralogies and satyr-plays. "It is not known whether in the early part of the fifth century composition in trilogies or tetralogies was normal." (The two words are here used in the sense "liée," not "libre") Aeschylus 'himself may not always have practised it. The only tetralogies (Inhaltstetralogieen) of which we are certain are: the Oresteia, Oidipodeia, and Lycourgeia of Aeschylus, the Lycourgeia of Polyphradmon, the Pandonis of Philocles, the Oidipodeia of Meletus, the Telepheia of Sophocles. Though there were, I am sure, many other tetralogies in the narrow sense, that does not mean that the usage was absolute. Thespis apparently did not write in tetralogies. Sophocles abandoned the practise. It was destined to pass, just as surely as the firstly—seventhly sermons of our Presbyterian forebears. There may well have been an intermediate stage, where a poet's dramas produced at a given festival treated different phases of the same general story though not closely connected in plot-structure. To this stage, I believe, belong **Phineus, Persae, Glaukos (Potnieus), Prometheus** of 472 B.C.

"The last play of each group of four was . . . a satyric play." "It is noticeable that on one occasion Euripides substituted the **Alcestis,** a short tragedy with a tinge of comedy about it, for the usual satyric drama. This may have been not infrequently the case, especially during the latter half of the fifth century.' The satyr-play was probably of secondary importance. It "was introduced directly from Phlius by Pratinas, a native of that place." A striking difference between Greek tragedians and Shakespeare is the strict separation kept between tragedy and comedy by the former. Little has survived from the satyr category through the centuries: neither the **Cyclops** of Euripides nor the fragments of Sophocles' **Trackers** seem to me more than mediocre. By 341-140 B. C. at Athens, as we know from the inscriptions, satyric plays were "separate from the tragedies and exempt from contest, since not more than one was produced at each festival."

Perhaps then we need not so much wonder that Aeschylus used as a Fourth Play his sublime **Prometheus,** with the stuffy Oceanus thrown in as sop to the populace. Aeschylus, we feel, was by temperament strong-minded and original, self-willed and impatient of constraint. His dictatorial intransigence he has by character: the still earlier Phrynichus has the Ionic smoothness and sweetness of Sophocles and of Shakespeare. In Sicily Aeschylus probably met with no irkskome criticism, and could handle the Orphic and Cabiric cults, despised in Athens. Eupatrid and Eleusinian, he may have been related to a priesthood of Demeter and Kore, well-loved also in Sicily. When, more famous than ever, he returned to Athens, perhaps shortly before the spring of 472 B.C., his fellow-countrymen probably begged him to show them some of his Sicilian triumphs. The superb patriotic drama, **Persae** which by the way mentions many **Persians** but not one Athenian, he may not have changed, though the choruses are long, in attic style. About his beautiful **Prometheus** he must have felt qualms. Now the ancient Argument to the **Prometheus** cites neither Athenian archon nor other plays: in its ancient **dramatis personae** appear the names of Ge and Hercules. So I suggest that for the Athenian performance Aeschylus cut out Ge and Hercules, made Io dance (there were few trained choreutae in Syracuse), introduced, doubtless with bitterness in his heart, some persiflage, and concluded with Prometheus' humiliation: then, relying on transient enthusiasm and his own temerity he offered it in place of a satyr-play. But even thus mutilated and delegated to fourth place, the sublime masterpiece touched an answering chord in the sensitive souls of the Athenians. I further fancy that he was not only permitted but urged to compose the **Prometheus Lyomenos,** depicting the ultimate triumph of the humble god of the potters. This tragedy, of which there are very many extant fragments, seems not so much to have continued the action of our extant **Prometheus** as to have duplicated it, with Titans instead of Oceanids, Ge instead of Oceanus, Hercules instead of Io. Possibly, in it he incorporated parts of his Syracusan **Prometheus.** Altogether, there is a paucity of material for the five plays using the title "Prometheus." Probably we have to do here not only with revision but with confusion of records. The dramatists often revised plays, and often plays are known by different names. The **Aitnaiai,** written for Hiero in Sicily, was revised apparently for the Athenian stage. Its loss, like that of the **Phineus, Kabeiroi,** etc., may be due to having been originally composed for a Sicilian rather than an Athenian audience. **Glaukos Potnieus** may be an error for **Glaukos Pontios,** or vice versa. It may be that **Prometheus, Prometheus Vinctus, Prometheus Pyrphoros,** and **Prometheus Pyrkaeus** are all names of one play. Aristotle in speaking of the spectacular element refers to the **Phorkides,** the **Prometheus,** and "scenes laid in Hades." In his day the conventional tragedy **Lyomenos** seems to be fading from memory: the despised Fourth Play is beginning its career of immortality. "The stone that the builders rejected is become the head of the corner."

If the above thesis is substantially correct, that the **Prometheus** was first presented at Syracuse (see Focke), and later produced at Athens in 472 B.C., then our glorious play may appear to us in a different and truer light. It has been assigned by various commentators to almost every decade of the fifth century. Now we see it grouped with the **Persae,** written in the same place, about the

(Continued on Page 76)

Hail Role of Young American Doctor in Greeces' War of Independence

Following is the text of an address by Paul A. Jenkins, Deputy Chief of the Marshall Plan Mission to Greece, at Messolonghi, Greece, during ceremonies commemorating the death of Lord Byron at Messolonghi April 24, 1824, in Greece's war of independence, and the 125th anniversary of the Exodus of the Guard from Messolonghi in 1826.

*

We are gathered here today to commemorate the 125th anniversary of the Exodus of the Guard of Messolonghi, a glorious if tragic chapter in the story of Greece's war of independence. It is also the 127th anniversary of the death of Lord Byron, that great Philhellene.

Everyoyne here knows the story of the Exodus of the Guard, and of Byron's immense contribution to the independence of Greece. Hardly a schoolchild in Greece but could give a better tribute than I could compose.

But I wonder how many schoolchildren, or their fathers and mothers, could tell us about another great Philhellene of that time, a man to whom my own thoughts often turn?

I refer, of course, to Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe . . . Let me tell you something about Dr. Howe.

Picture to yourselves a young man in America, a graduate of Brown University in 1821, who went on to earn his degree as Doctor of Medicine at Harvard University three years later. Young Dr. Howe's future was assured. A member of one of the prominent families of Boston, he could count on a growing practice, among his fellow citizens, a quiet and useful life tending the ills of his people.

But young Howe was not interested in a quiet life. Fired by the gallant fight of the Greek people for independence, he set sail from Boston in 1824, arriving at Navarino late that year. Young Lord Byron had been killed before his arrival, and so he set out for Byron's death-site immediately, arriving here at Messolonghi in January, 1825.

The Greek army was disorganized, temporarily routed, dissolved into small guerrilla bands. Young Howe offered his services as a surgeon, and was immediately welcomed.

For two years, Howe lived and worked with the guerrillas, taking part in a number of expeditions and battles, narrowly escaping capture several times, with a huge price set upon his head by the Turks. At one time he hid for several hours in the ruins of Mycenae while the Turkish cavalry scoured the countryside for him.

In 1826, Howe helped organize an expedition of 1,200 Greeks and Philhellenes in a campaign to capture Crete. That effort failed, but not until the warriors succeeded in capturing the strong Venetian fortress of Grabousa—the same fortress which had cost the Turks 16 years of bloody fighting before they wrested it from the Venetians.

Howe rose to the unpaid post of surgeon general for the entire Greek army. As years went on his name became a legend among the fighters of independence. But he became convinced that victory was impossible without substantial outside help, so in 1827 he sailed to New York to be met by the newly formed Pan-Hellenic Committee.

Howe solicited funds in New York, Boston, and other cities, and in 1828 sailed back to Greece in

PAUL A. JENKINS
Deputy Chief of the Marshall Plan Mission to Greece

the brig "Suffolk" with a carpo of supplies and equipment for the embattled Greek revolutionists. He had raised $60,000 in cash, an enormous sum for those days, with which he bought flour and other provisions.

Arriving in Aegina in December, 1828, Howe helped the Greeks reorganize their army and rebuild their navy, and meantime worked as a tireless propagandist for the Hellenic cause, writing a book entitled "An Historic Sketch of the Greek Revolution," which was published in New York and brought much support for the Greeks.

With the war over in 1830, Howe left Greece, stating that he "was happy that Greece is free." But after his marriage four years later, he brought his bride to Greece on their wedding trip, to visit old friends. His wife, Julia Ward Howe, incidentally became a renowned woman in American history, author of the famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and a staunch fighter, with her husband, for freedom of the negro slaves.

The middle life of Dr. Howe earned him his nation's gratitude as a pioneer educator and physician among the physically handicapped. He was

the first man to teach a blind, deaf and mute person to lead a useful life, and that girl, Laura Bridgman, became a symbol of triumph over personal adversity. He established schools for the deaf and blind. He was active in the U. S. fight against slavery, which culminated in our own Civil War.

But his heart remained in Greece.

In 1866, when the Cretan insurrection broke out, Howe was 65 years old. Nevertheless he put aside his personal affairs, formed the famous "Cretan Committee" in Boston, raised more than $50,000, and sailed immediately for Greece, where he organized a wide system of relief work among Cretan refugee. A year later he accompanied one of the expeditions in an attack on Crete.

So here is the life story of a man who has been described by nearly all historians as the "greatest American Philhellene." He sympathized with the Greek people, he left his comfortable living, he fought with them until they won freedom, and he remained their friend until his death. Like Byron, he gave everything he owned to aid a people he loved.

But there is another side to Samuel Gridley Howe, which I have not mentioned up to now, but which especially endears him to me and to all the other Americans in our Marshall Plan Mission. Samuel Howe brought the Marshall Plan to Greece.

You smile? So did I when I first heard about it. But it is really the truth. There is hardly a single activity of the American Mission in Greece today which Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe did not pioneer on his own, 125 years ago.

Military aid? Well, picture a devastated countryside, a disorganized army, lacking the weapons and supplies with which to fight, rich only in courage and the determination not to be enslaved. Does that sound like 1947? It was 1825.

Aid from the west? Think of a nation not even able to grow its own food supplies, its ports and roads destroyed or in enemy hands, its merchant fleet vanished, its villages and towns ravaged and torn to the ground by a vengeful enemy. Is this 1947? Let me repeat, it was 1825. And again, let me remind you, here was an American speaking with fervor among his countrymen, raising the money that helped the Greek revolutionists to carry on to victory.

Yes, we can smile at the similarities. But let me tell you something more about Dr. Howe.

When he made his money-raising tour in America and returned to Greece in 1828, he went to Aegina. And what did he do? He set up depots for supplies of food. He organized a system for relief distribution, using caiques which ran up and down the coast and among the islands. He repaired the port of Aegina, building a long pier which to this day is still called the "American mole."

He tried to help the young Greek nation organize its governmental services. The historians say that while doing so, he tried to convince a number of Greeks that they wasted too much time talking about politics." In 1951? No, in 1828. Have things changed so much?

And here is something which may surprise you. Samuel Howe invented counterpart funds. Yes, he really did. For when he arrived at Aegina he soon saw that the recovery of Greece was impossible without large public works which would help the young nation attain self-sufficiency. There were no funds available. So young Howe sold to the Greek people part of the relief supplies he had brought, and with the local currency thus obtained, he paid for the labor and building materials to reconstruct ports and roads, to build a hospital and school near Corinth, and to start an agricultural community to teach the Greek countrymen the latest scientific advances in farming methods.

You can see now why my own thoughts, and the thoughts of many other Americans in Greece today, often turn to the example of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe.

For it is in the same spirit of affection for the Greek people, of sympathy for their aspirations, of admiration for the toughness in defense of freedom, that my countrymen today seek to help Greece, just as young Howe did in the war of independence 125 years ago. The Greeks have not changed. Neither have the Americans.

I am thinking now of the action of my government only two weeks ago, in offering to the Greek people the reserves of food that should enable everyone in Greece to sustain an adequate diet, at reasonable prices, providing a distribution system is intelligently established and rigidly maintained. This assistance is in addition to the regular aid program already established for Greece. It bespeaks the concern of the American peole that not only should the necessary and all-important large projects of reconstruction go forward in Greece, but that meanwhile the whole Greek people, especially the lower-income groups, should not be made to suffer because of the rising world market prices brought about by the communist aggression in Korea.

I maintain that the American attitude in this matter is precisely the same as that of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe when he came to Messelonghi, as a young idealist, 125 years ago. I am proud that Americans have not changed in their feeling for Greece and I am equally proud that the Greeks have not changed in their devotion to the ideals of freedom and democracy. Together we shall go forward, in the same spirit that moved young Samuel Howe and his Greek brothers-in-arms so long ago.

For the issues are the same. The goal is still peace and prosperity. The stake is still freedom. And the tools are still friendship, mutual faith and brotherhood, and hard, intelligent work. They will win again as they did before. In 1825? No, in 1951.

CHEER UP

Crash on crash my fears pile high;
That from dust we came is no lie.
But man, why worry
Feel sad or sorry
If life isn't worth a sigh?

Come then, fix up your bait;
Life is part work and part Fate;
No use getting dizzy
If things ain't so easy
Just do your bit and wait. **—D. M.**

Demetra Vaka's Autobiography

(Continuing the fascinating story of the late Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown) America's exotic writer of Greek descent).

(Chapter XXI of Demetra Vaka's Autobiography has been omitted by request)

CHAPTER XXII

I MEET A FARMER

My second departure from Constantinople little resembled the first. I was not going into the unknown, but to a country whose speech was no longer alien to me, and which had become my spiritual home. There was still a great deal I had to learn, and adjustments to be made before I could become truly her child. This was easier to achieve at the close of the nineteenth century. Then America was still activated by the principles of the fathers of the country. Great fortunes had been made—some by not admirable methods—yet she was not the plutocracy into which she was to drift later. The precepts of Jerrerson and Franklin were still the guiiding ones; and in many homes, even in sophisticated New York, grace was said before meals—a small thing, perhaps, but indicative. Literature retained its decorum: the brassy unveiling of sex had not yet arrived; nor were the heroes of novels common and licentious louts.

On Sunday's after service, men in silk hats and decorous black coats, women in simple tailor-made suits, came thronging out of the houses of worship on Fifth Avenue. Perhaps this church-going was perfunctory, yet it was better than the relinquishing of it.

Brought up on hundreds of years of tradition, the sight of that well-bred crowd elicited my respect, and I felt proud to be even an insignificant part of this great experiment. The Twenieth Century, and the dismal failure of Prohibition were destined to change the trend of American life, but this I could not foresee, as I lay ruminating on the deck of the steamer bound for New York.

A few months earlier I had tried to clarify my impressions of the new world. Now I was sorting out my new impressions of the old world. My greatest personal disappointment had been in not finding the good doctor who had done so much for me. He had gone to India, the year before, to study its old healing methods, and had died there.

Otherwise I had enjoyed my visit to the full. There is an indescribable sensation in treading the ground whence one has sprung. And my pleasure in revisiting Turkey was enhanced by the knowledge that I did not have to stay there. Yet in the brilliant solitude of the oceon, I could not help being troubled over the fate of the country which, though lost in squalor, yet remained the beloved of my childhood. Turkey might be misgoverned, might be on the brink of revolution, but it had formerly been the Byzantine Empire, and some intangible part of me would forever be linked to this soil, colonized by my forebears. If anyone could have shown me a way to be of use to her, I should have been ready to return to her.

A two days' storm took me out of my brooding over the mistakes history is always making, and with the return of good weather I played deck games, card games, and stopped feigning to be asleep to keep people from speaking to me.

The long sea voyages, and the rest of the last four months, had done me good, and I landed in New York with new ardor for my work. I settled into the routine of my American life, but with one difference: my sojourn in Turkey had reawakeened my interest in international affairs. Through the **Journal de Genève,** to which I subscribed, I followed the political events in Europe. At the

DEMETRA VAKA WITH HER HUSBAND KENNETH BROWN
(An early photograph)

school, not even Miss Day, took much interest in events beyond the two oceans that guarded America. But if a revolution was coming in Turkey, the attitude of the Great Powers was absorbing interest to me, since it would affect the whole Balkan peninsula, and especially little Greece.

During the Spanish-American War the entire school had been excited. In the Boer War, which presently followed, they took only a lukewarm interest: the Anglo-Saxons sympathizing with England, while those with Irish or German forebears, gloated over her defeats.

German propaganda, during this war, played up the suffering of the Boer women and children in concentration camps, and harped on everything to the discredit of Great Britain. England made only ineffectual attempts to counteract this; and I wondered if, at the beginning of the twentieth century,

the British were still unaware of the might of the United States.

Soon after the Boer War, England abandoned her "splendid isolation," and concluded an alliance with Japan. The habit of searching for the hidden reasons behind the acts of the Great Powers made me apprehensive over this new English move. Against whom was that alliance directed? Was it Russia—or America?

That summer I went to Cooperstown, where —thanks to Mary Chaffee—I had pupils and agreeable living quarters. One of my pupils was the great-grandson of James Fennimore Cooper, a light-haired, blue-eyed little boy. When his mother asked me to coach him, I protested: "My dear Mrs. Cooper, I don't know English enough to teach your son."

Mrs. Cooper was a very positive person, so Jimmy became my pupil and my relaxation. His groping mind was a continuous joy. I can't say that I taught him: rather, together we studied geography and arithmetic.

Jimmy had inherited the comfortable belief that Fennimore Cooper was the greatest writer in the world, and I could sympathize with his disappointment when he learned that the Bible had not been written by his great-grandfather. It recalled my own dismay when, at the age of nine, after I had read Macbeth in Greek, my father told me that "Sekspyros," the greatest of dramatists, was not a Greek.

For two summers Jimmy and I learned together, and my feet took their way to his home with alacrity. The lesson time flew by, because the questions he asked showed such real thirst for knowledge. Often his mother would come in at the end of the morning and explain: "Hey, you two, it's past lunch time. Come on, your food is getting cold."

Jimmy would look up with his big blue eyes and protest: "It can't be, mother. We haven't finished our lessons yet."

He died very young, from the flue, in camp, during the first world war, leaving behind him a slender volume of poems, and a warm memory in the heart of his teacher, as the one pupil who afforded her the greatest satisfaction in teaching.

All the French courses in the Comstock School were now mine. I had some private lessons, and the dramatic criticisms, which I loved. In addition I was taking a course in the Development of the English Novel, under Professor Stoddard, in the University of New York—requiring an amount of reading which robbed me of many hours of rest. I began to lose weight and the desire ot eat. Then sleep deserted me and often I would read the whole night through.

Dr. Fowler was very severe with me, but my answer was, "Oh, I can rest next summer." My one relaxation was pouring tea at Mrs. Stedman's afternnons at home. There, one day, the daughter-in-law of Edmund Clarence Stedman brought to the tea table a young slender man with light hair and blue eyes, who seemed different from the other literary and artistic people who foregathered at Mrs. Stedman's. I asked him where he came from, and what his profession was.

"I live in Virginia. I have a farm, and raise thoroughbred horses," he answered.

We talked quite a while before Mrs. Douglas Stedman took him away to introduce him to other people. I felt as if he were really a friend, and was delighted when he returned and told me more about Virginia, which he adored.

After he went away with Mrs. Douglas Stedman, I wondered why men who farmed were so much nicer than those who wrote books, painted pictures, composed or sculpted.

On the following day a package arrived, and on opening it I found "Eastover Court House," the first of the series which Harpers were bringing out, situated in different parts of America. And on the fly-leaf was the name Kenneth Brown, my farmer friend from Virginia, as co-author. I was so disgusted I would not read the book; and when he called the next evening, I wrathfully demanded why he had told me he was a farmer, when he was really just like the rest of them.

"Oh, I'm a farmer first. I write on the side."

His lack of the egotism which I associated with most creative artists won me over, and having the habit of asking direct questions, I learned that his forbears on both sides were Anglo-Saxon, who settled in Maine and New Hamsphire early in the seventeenth century.

In reading American history I had conceived a great admiration for the New Englanders, whose courage and integrity had laid the solid foundations of the country. Even their intolerance betrayed their staunch character. I felt in closer sympathy with the Pilgrims than I did with the Cavaliers, while Kenneth Brown, who by rights ought to be a thorough New Englander, loved Virginia and southern ways.

After he returned to his home, "West Cairns," we had a desultory correspondence, and when the school closed, his mother invited me to visit her. Meeting her I realized from whom her son had interited the qualities that had attracted me. She was a delightfully cultivated Maine woman, combining an intense love of books with the art of home-making. Her Bangor husband had taken her as a bride to Chicago; and for many years I tried to keep it a dark secret that my husband was born there—having that peculiar aversion to Chicago held by many people who do not know that wonderful city.

To my surprise I returned from Virginia engaged to be married. Dr. Fowler protested that in my state of health I must not think of marriage, but his advice went the way of most good advice. Mrs. Brown came to New York, took a flat in Washington Square, and there in April 1904, Robert Collyer (who had christened my husband) married us. In the evening the ceremony was repeated in the Greek Orthodox Church, where the Greek consul gave me away. All my friends came to see Kenneth Brown wear a white wreath on his head, with long streamers behind. Anna Mix wrote me: "Never doubt that Kenneth Brown loves you. Only a man very much in love could go through that ceremony."

It seemed odd to me even then that I was giving up all I had meant to do, to become a plain married woman. Two years before when my French

Aline had told me that she was going to be married and live in South America, I had argued for an hour on the folly of her action: "You are successful. You are establishing a name for yourself—and you give it all up for just one man!"

"But I am an honest woman," Aline replied laughing. It would not be **comme il faut** to give up my work for more than one man."

CHAPTER XXIII

'ENS

After a summer in Virginia, my mother-in-law again took an apartment in New York, where we lived with her. I had lost so much weight that Kenneth Brown always carried me up the two flights of stairs to our flat. I was not at all well, and the following summer we definitely returned to our home, one mile west of the University of Virginia. "West Cairns" was jointly owned by my husband and his sister, who, with her husband was living in Italy at the time.

My health got worse, and the doctor pronounced my left lung affected. This frightened neither of us unduly. My husband said he always liked to have something definite to shoot at. As for me, we have a Greek proverb that one should accept the words of the priest and the doctor with a grain of salt. Moreover Dr. Magruder's prescription was "raw eggs," and I liked raw eggs.

Following this regimen we got into the habit of stopping at little country stores, as we rode through the lovely Virginia countryside, and buying a few eggs to suck, then and there. I gradually took more of them, until—(I hardly expect this to be believed)—once when we had ridden quite far toward the Blue Ridge, and I was very hungry, I sucked thirteen raw eggs without getting off my horse.

Whether it was the country life, the horseback riding in the soft Virginia air, or the eggs, the next time Dr. Magruder examined me, he said that either he had made a mistake, or mine was the rapidest recovery on record. (I think those thirteen eggs deserved some of the credit.)

Kenneth Brown now took me in hand. An ardent believer in out-o-door exercise for almost any ailment, he presented me with Birdwood, a three-quarter-bred horse, who became my greatest delight. I was so light on his back that now and then he would turn his head around to see if I were still in the saddle. With me he was gentle as a rabbit, and he and I roamed the countryside every morning, while my husband cultivated literature, or looked after the two hundred acre farm.

Truth compels me to add that we had perhaps the best overseer in the county. Robert Barnett was a white man who could neither read nor write, but could remember all the happenings on the farm for years back, with accuracy. He was honesty and industry personified, and loved the soil and all the country sights with a poet's feeling. He would always call for me when a thoroughbred or a mule colt had been born. His only failing was an abnormal flow of conversation, and avidity for praise; but this last was so innocently sincere that it was not objectionable. He would say: "Of course I wouldn't tell you myself, but you can ask anybody in the county and they'll tell you I'm just as good at doctoring a horse or a cow as old Dr. White. I wouldn't say it myself, but anybody'll tell you so."

He has been known to come to the house with a message, just as we were sitting down to dinner, and the dessert would be over before Kenneth Brown could come back to his meal. An Englishman, for whom Barnett formerly worked, once turned and left him in the middle of his talk—and regretted it ever after, for Barnett left him.

When he died, and his son asked me if I would like to view the corpse, I wanted to say No, but I'm glad I didn't. There lay Mr. Barnett in a long black coat, his red hair combed back, and his red beard beautifully brushed out. He resembled a good-looking Lincoln. There was little of the man of the soil about him. His long, thin-fingered hands folded on his breast seemed like the hands of a scientist.

We had two tennis courts in front of our house, and in the spring I started playing tennis, since much of the countryy life revolved around its various courts. I took up the game debonairely, with little respect for its difficulties. After a few days, to Kenneth Brown's amusement, he heard me mutter: **"Dieu, que c'est difficile!"** But by diligent practice I did improve a little, and once even managed to win a tiny silver cup, given by Lady Astor, then Mrs. Nannie Shaw. We used to have little neighborhood tournaments at the different houses, and this one was held at "Mirador," the Langhorne place, eighteen miles from us. My partner was John Graves, the best player at the University, and I faithfully followed his instructions to do nothing except serve, and receive the balls served to me, as best I could, and then to keep off the court and leave all the rest of the playing to him.

For several weeks also we had to desert our home for Blue Ridge Summit, Pennsylvania, because of hay fever—a disease I dread more than TB—which has made us pariahs for the greater part of our lives. Tuberculosis kills or cures. Hay fever simply persecutes.

Riding back from Charlottesville, one day, I fell in with a farmer who told me that his wife had once been threatened with tuberculosis, and had cured herself by taking up chicken-raising, which forced her to stay out of doors a large part of the time, yet kept her interested and occupied.

The idea appealed to me, and on reaching home I went out to inspect our chicken-house. It was a rather elaborate affair, built some years before, after the plans in a book. Our brother-in-law had had the management of the hens; but his theory, while eminently logical, had not succeeded in practice. He argued that if you paid no attention to the chickens, and simply let them pick up what they could around the stables, any return they made in eggs and young, from stolen nests, would be pure profit. Under this règime the hens had dwindled away until the hen-house was abandoned—the hens evidently caring more for regular care than for fancy hen-houses out of books.

(Continued on Page 70)

REORIENTATION at RHODES

By MARY EVANS ANDREWS—Well Known Writer

"Oh, don't kill them, they're so pretty! I'll give you an American dollar if you let them go!"

The thin Greek lad stopped choking two beautifully colored birds and gazed at me in surprise.

"The birds are not for sale, madam," he said reluctantly.

I was astonished by his refusal. The equivalent of a dollar in drachmas was more than a man earned for a day's labor. The boy certainly looked as though he could use the money. His clothes were so patched, it was hard to identify the original cloth. I repeated my offer.

"Come, take this dollar and buy yourself some new pants."

The lad's inner struggle clouded his eyes, but he remained resolute.

"No, madam, I must not free these birds. They kill our honey bees!"

The scene was the Greek island of Rhodes, where honey is the only native sweet. During the war, Italian and German occupation troops had drowned almost every hive of bees to steal the honey painlessly. To this youngster, protection of the few remaining bees was more urgent than his own need. At ten, he had learned to place the public good above his private interests.

This was no isolated instance. A three-month stay at Rhodes convinced me that her people have a quality of which there seems to be an acute world shortage. Call it character, principle, — the almost extinct conviction that there are values more to be desired than financial gain.

Business and pleasure had brought my husband and me to this beautiful Aegean island, where Count Bernadotte began and Ralph Bunche completed the Palestine armistice negotiations. We were delighted by its wealth of sun and flowers and peacock-blue sea. Our imagination was challenged by the ruins of its classic Greek cities, older than Athens. We savored the Levantine charm of its Turkish mosques and the medieval spell of its Crusader-built fortress city, still almost intact.

But the most exciting feature of Rhodes proved to be—the Rhodians. Living among them was like taking a refresher course in moral values.

Rhodes, the capital, is a cosmopolitan and sophisticated little city, — 23½ centuries old, yet new as the penicillin on its modern hospital shelves. After two weeks at the swank seaside Hotel of the Roses, we moved our headquarters to a village near the center of the island, on the slopes of Prophet Elijah Mountain. Here, life proceeded almost as in biblical times.

All about us lay scenes such as inspired the vivid symbolism of the Bible. Grain is sown by hand, and harvested by women wielding sickles. The threshing floor is a circle of hard earth, beaten smooth by the hooves of animals pounding out the grain, while the chaff rises from it in a golden haze.

Rhodes is a mountainous small island(24 by 45 miles), with flocks and vineyards, fig and olive and orange trees. Six months of steady sunshine mean farming by irrigation; the only luxurious wild growth is along the water courses.

Therefore, the simple village folk know what it means to flourish "like a tree planted by the rivers of water," or to be as worthless as "the chaff which the wind driveth away." To them, the good shepherd and the sower whose seed fell upon stony ground, are as real and immediate as when the parables were first spoken.

It was easy to like our friendly, frank and industrious neighbors. Hospitality is a religious obligation among them. Every school child learns a poem, ending in the line:

"Here strangers are as welcome as the angels."

Because my husband came as a benefactor, the villager's expression of their appreciation went to lengths of actual self-denial. Too often they

RHODES: THE MEDIEVAL CITY

brought us gifts, a fresh-killed hare or partridge, a double-handful of walnuts, and so many flowers that their gardens must have been denuded. They even led one reluctant lamb, and a protesting little black goat to our door. But my husband finally convinced them that even in Chicago, we didn't eat that much meat.

In exchange they only wanted letters written in English, or snapshots made for relatives abroad, or help in tracing someone who had disappeared into the wilds of Pittsburgh, San Francisco or "Nea Yorkee." Were these places many hours by donkey from Chicago, they wanted to know?

When we first came to the village, we brought as gifts for the children such sweets as the island afforded, — dates, raisins, sugar-coated nuts. They never asked for more. But one morning a thin wistful lass sidled up to me in the courtyard and shyly revealed that she had brought an egg to exchange for "gleekah" (sweets).

I marvelled at the self-control displayed by everyone over ten. Even the children could shrug off hunger, fatigue and disappointment with a quiet "then pyrazee" (it doesn't matter).

Perhaps this was due in part to the privation of the war years, when this village had been hard

hit. Occupation troops outnumbered the population by five to one, and during the Allied blockade, the soldiers lived off the land. Most meat animals were killed, and the villagers suffered near starvation.

Our temporary home was a pastel-colored stone guest house with four rooms and a tiny bath. Water in the open irrigation channel chuckled and splashed its way downhill past our dooryard. At dusk, cuckoos called softly from the shadowy olive groves. In that marvelous island air, we slept as tho' drugged and awoke each new morning refreshed and lighthearted as children.

As the women passed en route to the spring with their water jugs, their wooden clogs played a marimba-like tune on the cobble-stones. They would nod and smile, or stop at the open window to wish us "ora kalee" (happy hour). Sometimes they came in to admire our private "spring", as they called the kitchen faucet.

Their own homes, simple stone cottages of one to three rooms, boasted no indoor plumbing. Some were paved with mosaics of black and white sea pebbles set in cement, but most had floors of concrete or beaten earth. Always they were clean. Some houses were tinted pale blue, gray or apricot, but most were dazzling white. Set among glossy-leaved apricot and plum trees, or huddled together in rows they offered effective contrast to the pure blue sky and tawny mountains.

My long hours of reading and writing puzzled the unlettered village women. But the fact that we had no children aroused both curiosity and consternation. When I tried harvesting with them, the knife-edged wheat sliced my palm like so much butter. Yet they could harvest for ten hours a day. After driving the mules twice around the threshing floor, I retired to the sidelines. A million pin pricks of flying chaff irritated every pore of my skin. It was obvious that I would be a poor helpmate for a Rhodian husband. Still, they charitably accepted the possibility that I might be a good wife, by the strange standards of the U. S. A.

Respect for personality and extreme individualism stem from ageless traditions of social democracy. At weddings and on feast days, everyone from grandmas to 5-year-olds, joined in the dancing. When the site for a new school was to be cleared, no man felt it beneath his position to volunteer an afternoon's work with a spade.

The latter occasion was the only time I saw a Rhodian man in public stripped to the waist. Modesty is still a virtue here. Married women's heads are always covered, a custom not due solely to the intense sunshine, for the covering stayed on from dawn to bedtime. I often wondered if the poor dears slept that way.

RHODES: THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE

We saw no evidence of juvenile delinquency or vandalism. In ancient times, Rhodian law against sacrilege, made it a capital offense to erase one word of an inscription that included the formula "to the gods". Their respect for statutes once led to a ludicrous dilemma.

When Queen Artemisia of Caria, in Asia Minor, captured Rhodes, she set up a bronze statue of herself scourging the Rhodians. When they were free again, the citizens held that it was unlawful

MEDIEVAL MAP OF THE CITY OF RHODES

for them to tear down the memorial since it bore a dedication to the gods. So they built a wall around it, roofed it over and declared the place to be "holy ground", so no one could go in to look at it.

Nearly 300 years later, during the Mithradatic Wars, the Rhodians respected their statue of Mithradates, though they were daily shooting at the king himself.

For many centuries the Rhodians, who practice the Greek Orthodox faith, the Moslems and the Jews lived peaceably side by side. But during the Italo-German occupation of Rhodes in World War II, the entire Jewish population was deported and massacred. The Jewish Quarter of the Walled City, within the capital, was looted and levelled.

Just before V-E Day, a German officer had offered our village doctor a càche of jewels that appeared to be worth a fortune.

"Hide them for me, and I'll give you half," he said. "If you do not hear from me within ten years, they're all yours."

The Rhodian, suspecting the blood-stained origin of the treasure, refused.

Both by necessity and inclination, the Rhodian Greeks are a creative people. It would be srtange if, in such surroundings, they had not a keen appreciation of natural beauty. In ancient times, they produced masterpieces of sculpture and painting, tile and pottery.

Today, Rhodian embroidereis are as richly decorative as they were in classic times, and many

of the same distinctive patterns are used. All textiles, including rugs, are hand-loomed. Women spin wool or cotton thread as they ride side-saddle on their donkeys or sit chatting with the neighbors.

Children make their own simple toys, — rolling hoops and pinwheels, rude boats and soap-box scooters. They know how to improvise chewing gum too, plucking leaves from an herb that oozes a milk-white fluid of some elasticity. To flavor it, they chew a sprig of wild mint or wintergreen.

The Rhodians have a gift for straight thinking and epigrammatic expression. Many of their sayings are proverbs of the great Greek philosophers, handed down by word of mouth.

"Love learning and avoid ignorance," and

"Meet the misfortunes of life with gallantry," are attributed to Cleobulus of Rhodes, one of the Seven Sages of ancient Greece.

Accomplishment is urged in the line,

"Light your lamp, before night overtakes you."

"Study the mother, when you think of marrying the daughter," advised another anonymous wise man.

These simple folk are also poetically inclined. Women at their looms improvise weaving songs. Lonely shepherds chant to amuse themselves. Some of their ballads are fictionized narratives, some are laments for the countrys long suffering under foreign oppressors. As in every land, there are love songs and lullabies. Most of these spontaneous lyrics are in rhyming couplets.

During the village dances held on Saints' Days, anybody is free to unburden himself in rhyme about anyone else present. One of the semi-circle of dancers may suddenly begin to sing the praises of the girl he admires, or he may criticize the careless neighbor whose goats were allowed to damage his garden. Of course the other fellow gets a chance at rebuttal. Eloquence grows as the festivities progress, and the "poets" are inspired with a few glasses of good wine.

At Rhodes, it is taken for granted that a man will keep his word. Money and grain may be borrowed until the next crop on that simple security. It is a folk proverb that

"What a pedigree is to a dog, a good name is to a man."

I like the Rhodian way of celebrating birthdays. They ignore the individual date. Instead, everyone named Helen has a party on St. Helena's Day; everybody named Basil celebrates St. Basil's Day, etc. The celebrants hold open house and friends make the rounds.

Perhaps this lack of emphasis on chronological age helps people to live longer. We saw vigorous octogenarians still working in their fields. Our hostess was 95, her mind clear and memory remarkable. She was the grand old lady of the village, sought out for both her wisdom and humor. At

(Continued on Page 47)

Approaching Rhodes from the Sea

KIMPTON INSTALLED U. of C. CHANCELLOR

PROMINENT CHICAGO GREEK-AMERICANS ATTEND INSTALLATION CEREMONIES:

(Left to right) D. Parry, well known Chicago attorney and Greek-American leader; Mrs. D. Parry; Lawrence A. Kimpton, newly installed chancellor of the University of Chicago and a great educator; Mrs. John Manta; John L. Manta, Chicago industrialist and president of the Greek War Relief Association. Mr. Manta made the first award to the University in honor of Chancellor Kimpton on the day it was anounced that he was picked for the post by the University trustees. Mr. Manta's grant established a lectureship so that a distinguished Greek scholar will come and lecture at the University for three years. Grant also helped establish University of Chicago Greek Cultural Foundation. Chancellor Kimpton is very much in favor of the objectives of the foundation.

One of the most remarkable examples of Byzantine Architecture in modern Greece is the Monastery of Osios Loukas in Sterea Hellas.

THE ZAPPEION—Most important exhibition hall in Athens. It was here that the 1951 Homecoming Exhibition was staged with great success.

Problems of Greek-Americans

A Symposium by Members of the Hellenic Bar Association of Chicago, Over Station WCRW During the Athene Magazine Radio Program

Compiled by THEODORE N. CONSTANT

I.

THE HELLENIC BAR ASSOCIATION OF CHICAGO

1. Introduction, by A. A. Pantelis
President of the Association

Just before the close of 1908, I visited a law school in Chicago, and, after a brief conference with the Dean, I matriculated and became a law student. After attending the first lecture, I became frightened and was about ready to quit, when another Greek student prevailed on me to stay. I graduated from that law school in 1911. I took the bar examination and was admitted to law practice in Illinois the same year. Shortly thereafter about half a dozen more Greek-Americans joined the ranks as lawyers. But I soon discovered that I could not keep track of all the Greek American lawyers. Recently, I began checking on the number of attorneys in our group practicing in Chicago and suburbs and found much to my surprise that they numbered nearly one hundred most of whom are in actual practice. Their number increases about twenty five per cent each year. It is therefore evident that the legal fraternity among our people is fast becoming a factor and has to be reckoned with. Consequently we concluded that an association of lawyers was not only proper, but absolutely necessary. Hence in the summer of 1950 we formed the Hellenic Bar Association of Chicago.

2. Its Purposes, by Theodore N. Constant

The purposes of this association fall into three categories: (1) those which deal with the duties of the members between themselves; (2) those which deal with the duties of the members and their law practice; and (3) those which deal with the duties of the members towards the public.

On becoming members of this association, each person takes the oath prescribed by the American Bar Association whereby each member swears in substance to support the constitution and laws of the land, to be bound by the high standards of ethics of the legal profession in his relations with other members of the Bar, his clients and the courts, and to demean himself in such a manner as to reflect credit to himself and the legal profession.

An association of this type can provide needed leadership in the Greek community, can act as the watchdog of the good name and reputation of the Greek-American public, can be a representative association in matters of national importance, and can provide guidance to our youth in the choice of professions. It can indeed provide a much needed educational and moral leadership in our community.

3. **Who are these Greek-American lawyers,**
by Nicholas S. Limperis

When our people first immigrated to the United States, their principal problem was one of economics. By nature, the Greek peole are industrious, thrifty and persevering, and with it all, they are proud and independent. The early Greek immigrants lost no time entering the various commercial fields afforded them, and they have, in most instances, been successful. Today, our people play an important part in commerce in practically every city, town and state throughout the Nation. Our business men have been in the main, GOOD WILL AMBASSADORS for all our people. They are honest, law abiding citizens. We must not forget that they are raising good Christian families, and, invariably, appreciating the blessings of education and learning, are putting their children through schools of higher learning and encouraging them to enter the various professional fields.

We are chiefly interested here in the members of our group who are entering the legal profession. It has been stated that more than one hundred Hellenes are engaged in the practice of the law. Today, forty years after the first Greek-born lawyer was admitted to practice in Chicago Metropolitan Area, the Hellenic members of the Bar are in the main native Americans of Greek background. Those who were born in Greece and who are practicing today are very small in numbers compared with those who are native-born. And who are these native-born ones? They are the children, the nieces and nephews of the first Greek immigrants we mentioned above.

Those of us who are in practice recognize that the legal profession as comprised by our own members is a credit to our people. They are our representatives as well as good-will ambassadors in the Halls of Justice, and in the Legislative bodies of the municipalities and of the State. Yes! they are good-will ambassadors for our people in the various legal departments of the Federal, State, and Local Governments. And those who are acquainted with those of our number who are serving in Public Office, are proud of their achievements, their honor, and efficiency.

II.

INTRODUCTION TO THE PROBLEMS OF OUR YOUTH

1. **Introduction,** by George Bosomburg

We, lawyers of Hellenic descent in Chicago are anxious to render our assistance to the young people of Greek descent. We wish to find out the troublesome problems that disturb the minds and

hearts of the sons and daughters of our Greek immigrants; and to help to solve those problems, and in that way, to help to mold them into better American citizens, to the best of our ability.

For instance, a high-school girl of Greek parentage recently wrote to one of our group asking him to speak to her mother and tell her ot stop choking down the girl's throat the kind of life to which the mother was accustomed in Greece. Here is a part of the answer made to that letter:

> Your letter clearly and unmistakably points out the root of all misunderstandings between you and your mother: you do not like the Greek ways, customs, and manners, while your mother has a holy horror as to many supposed American customs and manners.
>
> Of course, if you have to choose between the American and the Greek way of living, by all means please do select the American style. However, in the writer's humble opinion, there is no important difference in the way the nice and refined people of Greek, or any other European nationality, behave in comparison to the American way.

Our hope is that we will be able to help these children of Greek parentage as much as it is within our own power to do so.

2. **Do we have such problems?**

by Theodore G. Maheras

The youth problem is perennial, as old as the race and as new as tomorrow's sunrise. It knows no barriers. It affects the rich and the poor, the white and the colored, the Americans and the Greeks, the national majorities and the national minorities. Its questions are ever vexatious. The problems of today are not similar to those of yesteryear or of those of tomorrow. Already the proportion of the population under twenty-five years which was born in a foreign country is very small. The American born Greeks are estimated to be twice as many as those of Greek birth. The great majority of young people of foreign stock belong to that class which the census describes as native white of foreign or mixed parentage; and most of them have passed through that great agency of our common culture, the public school.

It is not, then, young people themselves who exhibit the disadvantages for youth of existing national minorities. It is also the domestic atmosphere in which they are obliged to live. Whole sections of our large cities are peopled with immigrant families of peasant or tradesman background, who will die, as they have lived, with the social standards which they brought from their obscure origins. And the Greeks are the rule rather than the exception to this well known statement. Isolated from the currents of American life, made inaccessible to ideas by language difficulty, resistant to change, they will persevere in their old customs and mental habits as a man will cling to an old and comfortable suit which has nevertheless become inappropriate to the climate. To them the customs, habits, traditions and language of the country from whence they came—be it Greece or any other country—are the only ones their children should heed. For to them there is only one country and that is the country of their origin. The young Greek-Americans may be very different, but their ancient customs and environment are a clog to social improvement and a stumbling block in the way of attempts to work with and for the youth whose lot it is to grow up in such households and families.

3. **What are the problems of our youth?**

by N. Nancy Chioles

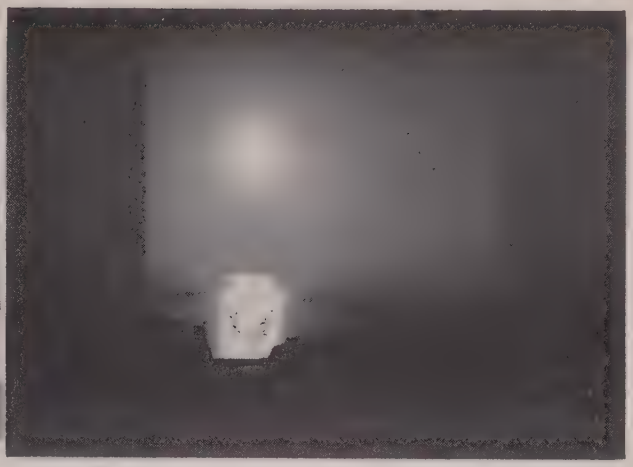
The various cultural, social and economic problems o f the youth of Greek parentage are not, as already indicated, at all peculiar to our particular group, but are problems which have confronted and do confront a very large portion of the younger citizens of this country steming from the various nationalities. We designate and discuss these matters as problems not because of any lack of present realization that time and all it involves will inevitably dissolve these problems, but because we are concerned with the present generations of young persons of Greek origin, one or both of whose parents are foreign born. From our own experience I believe that we can easily say that our youth as a group is not confronted by any serious economic problems nor have they had any difficulties scolastically. All forms of business, professional and artistic opportunities are open to us and, as a group, the progress made in such fields is remarkable and exceptionally promising. However, as to **church, language** and **marriage** it is apparent that our youth does have a problem. Furthermore, such problems affect us perhaps more keenly since they concern us as individual personalities. Our church, though among the oldest of Christian churches, can in one sense be said to be a church virtually limited to persons who speak and understand fully the Greek language. To many our church appears to be exclusively associated with its national aspect. The person whose understanding of Greek is poor and who seeks not only meaning but guidance from his church has very real problem—even though the church on its part is adequate and the youth on his part is favorably disposed. Difficulty in mutual communication is a very real problem in view of the fact that so many of our cultural institutions and customs—those customs and institutions necessary to all persons—are for us cast in Greek. Although so many of us are bilingual, considerable numbers of us are not, and in the future the proportion who are not will probably increase. The fact that so much of our cultural heritage is Greek presents a definite problem in marriage. There can be a very pleasant advantage to us as persons as a result of our realistically experiencing two very fine cultures. However, by virtue of this very fact, unless properly understood and developed, we can be and very often are faced with what in many instances is a difficult choice. Assimilation will inevitably occur; however, at what rate and at what sacrifices of particular customs to which each person is emotionally attached, do present considerable problems in marriage. The problem is further intensified by our very limited numbers, a factor which in many instances makes the finding of a suitable partner

(Continued on Page 60)

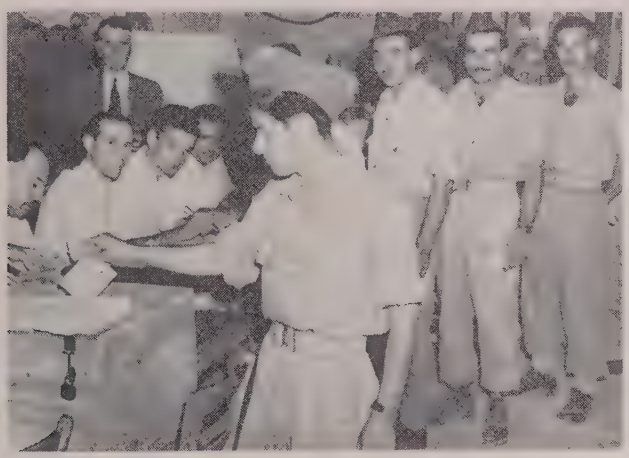
Athene Surveys the Greek Scene

OPENING OF PANATHENAIA ATHLETIC RACES IN ATHENS STADIUM

Athlete enters carrying sacred flame from monument of unknown soldier.



THE TEMPLE OF POSEIDON AT SUMIUM IN MOONLIGHT



GREEKS VOTE TO ELECT A NEW PARLIAMENT

Soldiers go to the polls.

OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE THESSALONIKI INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR ON THE STEPS OF THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING

HELLENIC FOLK ARTS

Brass engraver from Jannina

(Photo: Special Athene Service)

HELEN VLACHOS

Discusses "The Friends of Greek Village" Movement

By MAVRETA JOAKIMIDES

In view of the rapid spread of the movement known as the "FRIENDS OF THE GREEK VILLAGE" we asked our Athens correspondent to visit Miss Helen Vlachos, owner of the influential Athens Daily "Kathemerini" to learn what she could, about this remarkable project, so that Americans too could participate in the movement.

Miss Helen Vlachos is the daughter of the late Geo. Vlachos, founder of the "Kathemerini" and one of the great newspaper editors of modern Greece. We sought out Miss Vlachos because it was the "Kathemerini" that gave impetus to the movement which is known as the "FRIENDS OF THE GREEK VILLAGE". This is how she explained everything:

Que. — Miss Vlachos, how did you happen to start this movement?

Miss Vlachos: Well the whole thing came as a follow up of the appeal the Archbishop made on behalf of the victims of the partisan war. You see close to 700,000 people fled their villages and sought refuge in the larger cities. It was two or three years before they could go back. And when they did go back they found only burned walls. Now the archbishop made an appeal for bundles, and all Athens responded generously. Three hundred thousand bundles came forth in one day.

Que.: I see, but exactly how did the movement spread in Greece and outside of Greece. Did you find any obstacles?

Miss Vlachos: That same day while Athens was coming through with thousands of bundles, an article appeared in "Kathemerini" which in short said: "These refugees who go back to their destroyed villages are naked and need everything. Why couldn't every Athenian family adopt a family from one of the destroyed Greek villages? Why not set up a central depot. A general committee?" This was only a suggestion, but the next day thousands of letters swamped our offices approving the idea. Some letters contained money; others wrote offering their services free. Immediately a group of about twenty got together and formed a temporary committee meaning to tackle the job. This committee came to be known as "The Friends of the Greek Village". They started modestly. First they asked the government to supply them with a list of the destroyed villages which needed help most. They asked a list of the inhabitants and their immediate needs. The first such village was to be a test case. They picked Valtista, in Epirus. Eighty families, 400 inhabitants. A factory owner by the name of Kanellos donated space for a depot, and the appeal went out for bundles for Valtista. In ten days the quotas were more than filled and Valtista was getting help. The experiment was a success and was repeated manyfold.

Que.: But how did the movement reach the United States?

Miss Vlachos: Through individual letters. People started writing about the movement and soon a stream of donations were arriving from abroad with inquiries how they can adopt a village. Actually what the villages need most is not money but supplies, tools and seed.

Que.: How can our readers and the people of the United States participate in the movement?

Miss Vlachos: Easy enough. There are close to one thousand villages that need help at the present time. And it is easy to adopt a village. Here are some of the steps. The interested parties should first write to the central office in Athens asking for the type of village they would like to adopt. Such villages range from 50 to 300 families.

The committee will submit the name of a village together with the immediate needs of the inhabitants to rehabilitate themselves.

All bundles will be transported free of charge on Greek freighters from any port in the United States.

The committee will take charge upon arrival of the goods and will bring them without delay to the village in question. All such bundles enter the country duty free.

Actually the Friends of the Greek Village are brokers who help the inhabitants to help themselves. It does not cost much. Are you a society or an individual? And do you want to adopt a Greek village? Write to us, will you please?

PAINTING FROM A GREEK VASE

Aristophanes' "CLOUDS"

At the
National Theatre of Greece
in Athens

Two scenes from the play said to introduce authentic elements in the production.

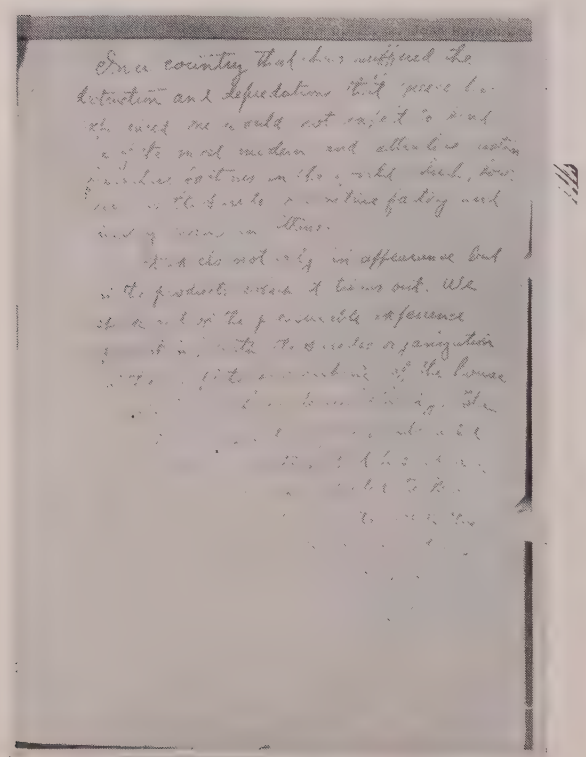
(Athene Photo Service)

FURNITURE DESIGNING FLOURISHES IN ATHENS

Athens boasts of a furniture designer and cabinet maker whose creations are to be found in palaces, embassies, government offices and of course the villas of the rich and the modest homes of every day Athenians.

His name is Eleutherios Sarides and his factory is located on Sina street in Athens. Right now he is preparing to build a new factory one block wide with ECA help, and that means that more Athenians will be working soon in surroundings similar to the factories we are accustomed to in this country since American know-how in factory construction will probably be a factor there.

However the iniviative for creating new ideas in furniture making belongs to Sarides and to Sarides alone. He combines a sort of the attic simplicity of the classical with modernistic motisfs. That his furniture is in great demand is attested by the numerous testimonials Sarides has received from royalty, ambassadors and many experts in furniture designing. On this page we print the testimonial he received from John R. Nuveen, of Chicago while he was ECA administrator in Greece. "In a country that has suffered the destruction and depredations that Greece has experienced one would not expect to find one of the most modern and attractive custom furniture factories in the world", says Mr. Nuveen.



REPRODUCTION OF MR. NUVEEN'S LETTER REFERRED TO ABOVE

MRS. CONSTANTINE GIOVAN OF CHICAGO WITH HER SON-IN-LAW, EL. SARIDES, THE DISTIGUISHED ATHENIAN FURNITURE DESIGNER

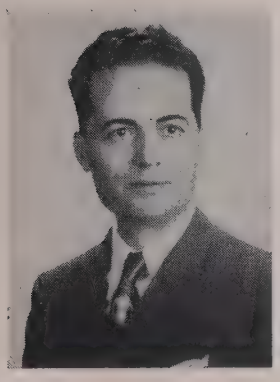
"Such however is the Sarides Furniture factory. "It excels not only in appearance but in the products which it turns out. We speak out of pleasurable experience of working with the Sarides organization in the complete furnishing of the house in which we have been living. The furniture has not only been admired by our many visitors but has been a joy to us". Similar testimonials came from Princess Alexandra of Greece; Mr. Tsaldaris; The French and Egyptian ambassadors; The Belgian Ambassadors, professors from the University and Technical schools, etc., etc.

Mr. Sarides is married to the former Suzanne Giovan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Constantine Giovan the well known Chicago family which was active during the Greek War Relief drives, and who contributed to so many worthy causes in the past.

A NEW YEAR'S CELEBRATION AT THE SARIDES ACTORY, ATHENS, GREECE. SERVING THE VASILOPITA," AN OLD GREEK CUSTOM

Books from Greece

Reviewed by DR. COSTAS M. PRUSSIS



DR. COSTAS M. PROUSSIS of Cyprus has just received his Ph. D. in Greek Language and Literature from the University of Chicago. He was editor of the Magazine 'MELETI-KRITIKI" Athens, 1932; "KYPRIAKA GRAMMATA" Nicosia, Cyprus 1934-1948), and co-editor of the Annual Bulletin "KYPRIAKAE SPOUDAE" (Cyprus, 1940-1948). He published several books, and has written numerous literary articles and book reviews. He received the Sovereign Award (1928), the Award of the Academy of Athens (1946), and twice the Daniel L. Shorey Fellowship of the University of Chicago (1949-1951). He is now working on two books: "The Subordinate Characters in Ancient Greek Tragedy" and "A History of Modern Greek Literature".

Gentle Poetry

From the Greek island of Cyprus came recently to us a book of gentle poetry, the **STUDIES** of Mr. Nicos Kranidiotis (Hellenic Intellectual Association of Cyprus, Nicosia, Cyprus, 1951, 126 pp. $1.50), who, besides his other literary activities, is the editor of the well-known literary magazine KYPRIAKA GRAMMATA and the author of a volume of excellent short stories, the CHRONICLES. The manifold literary activities of Mr. Kranidiotis have already secured him an outstanding position in Modern Greek literature, but his main achievement is his poetic creation, which now for the first time we may enjoy collected in this beautiful edition.

The poems of the STUDIES bring us back to the first and simplest substance of Poetry: to man and to his feelings and to his association with Nature. The feelings, springing from the personal experience of the poet, are spontaneous, sincere, warm, and charming, and encounter a welcome correspondence in ourselves. This receptive reaction is strengthened furthermore by the unfeigned diffusion of the feelings into Nature, which becomes their accepting agent and transmitter and the background into which the melodic line of the poems moves.

Love, in all its intrinsic shades, is the predominant sentiment in the STUDIES; and it is sung with fervor and passion, with power and joy, in melodious and fine verses. To our cynical and mechanical age this kind of poetry is a welcome offer, a redeeming invitation toward the world of love and beauty, a world so strange to us nowadays.

Other poems express the poet's doubts on the contradictions of life. These poems move in a climate better known to us, because their ingredients and intentions are close to the instability, bitterness, and anguish of our times. Nevertheless even in them a hope dawns dimly, a joy tries to balance itself and to get fixed in the good substance of man. But a heap of sorrow and uneasiness, the awareness of ephemeral and passing, the inability of rising to action, the corrosive contemplation, and the lack of confidence, react destructively against the effort of balance and serenity.

Even in his few purely objective poems, though he succeeds in breaking the yoke of fate and in rising to the true demands of our epoch, yet the poet somehow gives air again to his inner doubts and agonies.

But in all three kinds of his poetry that which prevails is not dry intellectualism but the pure lyrical element, which runs through his STUDIES in abundance and in full command, and makes the poems in form as well as in substance, pure lyric poetry — a poetry affecting us because it expresses in harmonious and melodic rhythm the true sentiments and emotions of the poet. Metres, melodious rhythms unbiased rhymes forms of verse and stanzas language — all the artistic characteristics of poetry are carefully and adequately wrought out, when they stand in technical poetic tradition and when they fly with the wings of free verse. An inner musical line goes through and holds each poem according to its theme. Images and metaphors, taken mainly from Nature, constitute a living charming warp on which the movements of soul are interwoven.

The poems of Mr. Kranidiotis are lyrical moments, musical sketches, simple melodies, worked out with masterly art in the good tradition of poetry and with the exalting freedom of penetrating lyrical thought. One may compare the STUDIES to old wine in new cups. We drink it drop by drop and feel delight and prosperity — though a quick cloud of sorrow and melancholy passes over — but we also enjoy the goblet, "newly wrought, smacking still of the knife of the engraver", as Theocritus says. The gentleness and power of sentiments, the tenderness and depth of lyrical thought, the melodious rhythm, and the masterly workmanship of verse, bring exaltation and redemption. We sail with the poet around known soul-coasts. The sails of his poetic schooner now are filled with caressing breezes and now are lashed by wild tempests and hurricanes. The melodious harmonization and symmetrical composition of these contrasting voices and movements are the poems of the STUDIES.

Miscellaneous

A number of books received from Athens at the editor's desk over a period of time are reviewed here.

It is a curious collection of printed paper in various shapes and different contents: poems, short stories, novels, treatises, bulletins, magazines, all in Modern Greek; they have no relation to each other and have been published over a number of years. (For that reason I don't cite below their publisher, place and year of publication). But even more curious was the experience I had in reading successively that strange and miscellaneous collection. It was like wandering into a multi-colored Oriental market with its innumerable wares displayed everywhere carelessly, with its motley people speaking and gesticulating lively while browsing here and there. You may find in such markets precious and beautiful things but unworthy and useless ones too.

I had read some of these books before, and it was with great delight that I went through them once again; I knew the authors of others from their previous works, and only two or three were altogether new names for me. That fact made my experience even more varied, and, on account of the limited space allotted to this general review, my difficulties increased. Yet, let us start the travel — and first with the wings of poetry.

Verses . . . Verses . . .

Most of the following poets instead of writing poetry prefer to write quasi-philosophic essays in verse. It is doubtful, however, whether they succeed in their ambitious endeavor. Most probably they fall far short of their purpose, thus betraying both poetry and philosophy. One wonders where the sincerity of

emotion and lucidity of expression are to be sought, and where the boundaries between poetry and prose lie

* *

Thus, the **ELOUSOVA** by **Aris Diktaios** is an ocean of words placed in short and long lines without punctuation — words of power and beauty and primitivism. You are lost amidst them without hope of rescue.

THE TRILOGY OF DEER by **Nicos Proestopoulos** is a handful of big-mouthed words in verse, but what do they intend to suggest? . . . If anything, it is, concealed. Yet both **Diktaios** and **Proestopoulos** in other of their works have given really happy poetic moments.

The bulgy book **GOD'S JOY** by **Electros Boumis,** a work in verse and prose, lyric and epic, cosmic and religious, philosophic and scientific, and I don't know what else, remains a hermetically sealed mystery, in spite of the explanations, annotations, glossary, and sketches provided by the author. Its allegedly far-reaching scope of moral and social redemption, of natural improvement, and of scientific progress and unification, does not manage to pass the threshold of this book and face the light.

The **AURORA BOREALIS** and **IOLKOS** of **Christos N. Koulouris** show how the current events may affect a young poet and how he reacts to their incitations. If he has real poetic power, he may gain command over them and create something worthy; otherwise he becomes just an unconscious and impotent subordinate to them. In his first book Mr. Koulouris is overpowered by the theme, but in **IOLKOS** he is not altogether subservient to the theme and often sings with a sincere poetic vein.

The poetic collection **OF SOLITUDE AND ARROGANCE** by **Zoe Karelli** is a series of quasi-philosophic poems in free verse and modernistic style, but one wonders whether this is poetry. In her earlier work Miss Karelli was more sincere, emotional, and effective. Here she falls headlong into prosaism, and in vain she strives to deliver herself from the anguish of doubts and the agony and consternation of a helpless contemplation.

The **SYMPHONIES** of **Chrysanthi Zitsaia** is a lovely poetic collection, full of tenderness and the gentleness of a sensitive woman. Some poems are quite remarkable.

But undoubtedly the best poetess of the four treated here is Melissanthi (Mrs. Hebe Skandalakis), whose two most recent works are the **LYRICAL CONFESSION** and **THE ERA OF SLEEP AND VIGILANCE**. One can seldom find so much belief, piety, confidence, and joy as in these two poetic works. The confidence is well based on the belief in the real values of life and in a genuine religious feeling and thought. The joy goes deep into the roots of life again and into its perennial truth, and is enriched with the happy contemplation of Nature. These poems have power, sincerity, truth, depth and width, light, and fresh air. Mrs. Melissanthi can fly high in the skies, because she has her feet steadfast into solid earth. She is a most sincere and lovely poetic voice.

The **GLITTERING** by **Andreas Mothonios** is a small series of charming poems in the best modernistic style and with some good reminiscences from traditional tendencies. As far as I know Mr. Mothonios makes his first appearance with that book — a worthwhile and promising one.

The **NOCTURNAL POSTCRIPTS** of **M. N. Tsiamis** is a sympathetic small collection of love poetry in well wrought verses, often with epigrammatic power and real feeling. One of his characteristics is that most of his single verses contain a complete idea. Poetic metaphors like this one: "The noon drops warm from your mouth", are not rare.

THE LONELINESS OF STONE and **PESTALOZZI** of **Phoebus Delphis** present another facet of his known work, which is a continual hymn of Nature and of the good human qualities. In the first work rural life is sung in its primitive power and natural beauty, while in the second it is interwoven in the solemn praise of the great pedagogist Pestalozzi. Though there is much verbiage in both books, the reader's attention is pleasantly held together by true poetic images and wholesome thoughts.

The **LYRICAL SKETCHES** of **J. M. Panayotopoulos** is an old series of pleasant short poems under the influence of Palamas — lyrical moments from human life in fluent musical verses. To be sure, poetry is not the best part of Mr. Panayotopoulos' manifold literary creation, yet these old poems are sincere and charming in form, thought, and inner music.

Prose

Let us turn now to prose. Here we may stand on more solid ground, though not always.

The **FROM OBLIQUE ANGLE** of **Th. Tempos** contains sketches of some unexpected, though sometimes common enough, events of life seen from a humoristic point of view and related clearly and with realism.

THE STREET WITH QUADRANGULAR STONES by **Dimitri Oeconomides** is a series of short stories, reminiscences of the early life of the writer in Constantinople. They are written with easiness as simple narrations — yet in their conception and construction they have something unnecessary, while they lack something necessary.

The **STORY OF A PRISONER** of **Stratis Doukas** is a famous little work, one of the first (chronologically and in quality) Greek war-books, written with a spirit against the war. It is simply and clearly written, without any adornment or artificiallty, straightforward, plain like a newspaper report, full of pain, anguish, and terror, but of human kindness too. Few works have such sincerity and effectiveness as this seemingly artless little story.

THE SHIPS DID NOT ANCHOR is the first book of **Menelaos Lountemis,** one of the most promising prose-writers of Greece today. It is a series of excellent short stories taken from the writer's miserable life, full of spontaneity and sincerity, written in the manner of confession and dreams, hence lively and suggestive. The narration, notwithstanding the roughness and bitterness of the events presented, is charming and effective, original though unaffected, with something primitive and harsh, yet both poetical and realistic. With his subsequent works Mr. Lountemis has rightly gained one of the first positions in the ranks of contemporary Greek writers. He is now an accomplished writer of high quality and with a style of his own.

It is not the first time that I write about **THE CHRONICLE OF A TOWN** of **Pantelis Prevelakis,** but I do it again here with great pleasure. It is a colorful, both impressive and suggestive, story of Rhethemnos, a small town on the North Shore of the island of Crete. It runs like a charming folk-tale, full of life and truth, color and reality, a story in which the soul of the historical town strives to be kept upstanding in spite of the heavy blows inflicted by innumerable internal and exterior enemies. Under a seeming familiarity of language a rich and colorful style is hidden, which presents Modern Greek language as a subtle and powerful organ of artistic expression. Mr. Prevelakis, one

of the best contemporary Greek writers, shows himself here at his best. "The overcoming of difficulties with seemingly effortless grace gives him the dignity of high art", while the genuine Hellenic spirit that animates his work is a creative and wholesome reaction against the sickly imitations of foreign models.

The brief critical and aesthetic treatise **THE PAINTER TAKIS VALSAM** by **Nicol D. Pappas** is an attempt at introduction and interpretation of the technique of one of the outstanding European painters of today. If Mr. Pappas confined his study only to his theme, certainly the result would have been much better; but after he has spent many pages in denouncing modern painting and other irrelevant things, little space is left for examining Valsam's work. And it is a pity, because Mr. Pappas surely admires him, and the painter is really one of the best, though some of his paintings printed in black and white at the end of the booklet show almost nothing of his art, since they are badly printed and without color.

THE GREEK ORIGIN OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS by **Demetrius Sisilianos** is an ingenious support of the bold theory of Serafim Kanoutas about the alleged Greek origin of the discoverer of America. This booklet is read with pleasure, though it is not altogether convincing.

The last short pamphlet I have before me is the **SCIENTIFIC, ATHLETIC, AND POLITICAL ACTION** of **Dr. Demetrius G. Marsellos,** a physician and politician in Greece — apparently an autobiography published for soliciting the votes of its author's constituents.

Magazines

Our last stop are the magazines, which, indeed, give us more handily the manifold impression of miscellany which prevails as the basic characteristic of the books discussed rapidly in this review.

The **KRIKOS (Ferrule),** "a Greek review of contemporary Greek life, literature, and arts'", edited in London by a Committee, is a good attempt which aims to serve as an intellectual link of the Greek abroad with themselves and Greece. Every new issue of the magazine is better, yet there is still much to be done in order to become really presentable and fulfill properly its wide scope.

The **MORPHES (Forms)** is a good monthly magazine of "literature, arts, and philosophy", edited in Thessaloniki, Greece, by Basil Dedousis. It mainly presents the lively and rich literary life of Thessaloniki, but writers from other parts of Greece also appear here. Poetry, short stories, fiction, studies, reviews, literary information, all are well balanced, and represent every worthy aspect of literary tendencies: traditional as well as moderistic. The **MORPHES** is one of the best literary magazines of Greece.

About the **KYPRIAKA GRAMMATA** (Cyprus Letters), a monthly magazine of literature and arts edited now by Mr. Nicos Kranidiotis in Nicosia, Cyprus, I shall restrain from writing beyond some facts, because of the close relations I have with it. It runs now its sixteenth year of continuous edition and presents in its pages the rich and important literary and intellectual production of the Greek island of Cyprus, but works of writers from the Greek mainland are often published here as well. It is considered one of the best literary Greek magazines and is especially esteemed for its high-leveled criticism. In 1946 it was honored with an award by the Academy of Athens.

THE 1950 COVER OF PHILOLOGIKE PROTOCHRONIA, PUBLISHED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, IN ATHENS.

The **PHILOLOGIKE PROTOCHRONIA** (Literary New Year's Day), edited in Athens by **Mr. Aristides Mavrides,** is an annual bulletin running its eighth year now. The present volume abounds in literary and artistic material of the highest caliber: Poems, short stories, and treatises, from the pen of the best Greek authors: excellent illustrations by the most renowned Greek painters and sculptures. And alongside with the masters there appear new promising writers and artists, though not yet accomplished. The variety and richness of material makes the reading of this volume never dull: you can skip for the moment whatevere does not interest you, and it is certain that you will find further on something to please you: Poetry of all kinds and tendencies and forms; serious as well as light and pleasant articles; accomplished treatises and humoristic writings; lively short stories and bitter reminiscences as well; monumental art and ornamental designs or transitory sketches from life. The **PHILOLOGIKE PROTOCHRONIA** is an excellent compendium of the literary and artistic life of Greece today. My hasty trip among so many different books has come to a pleasant end with this beautiful volume.

COSTAS M. PROUSSIS

BOOKS

Reviewed by C. J. LAMPOS

●

IMMORTAL MYTHS

When a poet meets a collection of Greek myths head-on, the result can only be a fine book. Such is certainly the case with Rex Warner's MEN AND GODS (Farrar, Straus and Young. New York. 1951. 223 pp. $3.00).

Mr. Warner is not only an English poet who has published successful books in both verse and prose, but he is also a Classical scholar who teaches Greek and Latin. In MEN AND GODS he retells 32 of the old myths, employing a simple but limpid style. The story economically told is the main thing in each case, for they run from four to only a few more pages, but his training as a poet shines through repeatedly. The result is unaffected charm.

To one drawn to Greek studies over the years, there are the almost too familiar tales of Perseus, Jason, Hercules, Theseus, Oepidus, and the usual line-up of heroes and gods. Of course these tales wear well in the hands of a poet, but even of greater interest are such lesser known stories as "Pyramus and Thisbe", "Ino", "Cephalus and Procris", "Ceyx and Halcyone", and the like. Mr. Warner follows Ovid as a rule, for he points out that the great modern poets have gone back to this Latin poet. Furthermore, he declares: 'In Ovid the story comes first, and to my mind, both Ovid and the stories can easily stand on their own legs."

My wife and I have been picking up the book and reading here and there aloud in it frequently during the past few months. It is a pleasant companion indeed.

PERENNIAL INSPIRATION

Walter Raymond Agard says that students and teachers of classical mythology often asked him where they could find a comprehensive account of art which illustrates the myths. He had to reply that there was no such account, and to fill this need he has prepared the book CLASSICAL MYTHS IN SCULPTURE (University of Wisconsin Press. Madison, Wis. 1951. 203 pp. $5.00).

"With the possible exception of the Bible, no single literary source has been used so often by European and American sculptors as the stories from classical mythology," the author declares. And he goes on to analyze the relationship between classical mythology and sculpture, the reasons why sculptors of nearly every period in Europe and America have made use of these themes, the Greek and Roman treatments, and the changing ways in which the myths have been represented to serve the purposes of various times, places, and individual artists. He gives an appraisal of the aesthetic value of the work produced, and his preference is for monumental sculpture.

Most interesting are the pages on recent sculpture, for this isn't exactly supposed to be a classical period. For instance, one of the illustrated examples is AMAZON by Franz von Stuck (1863-1928), which is at the Art Institute of Chicago. Of it the author says" The simplification is calculated to emphasize the essential planes, and the counter movement of the horse's chest and the Amazon's body indicates the vigor of the action." More pertinent are his remarks about the relief of Thomas H. Jones (1892-) on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington, which has the monumental breadth, sunny serenity, and robes, gestures, and faces of Greek gravestone reliefs: "If the question be asked what relevance such a Greek relief has on the tomb of an American soldier, there are two answers: it harmonizes with the classically planned environment of Washington and Arlington, and it expresses in timeless symbolism the meaning of the shrine."

This is a beautiful book on glossy paper and with a large number of striking illustrations in black and white.

FOR ECONOMISTS

This book is beyond our province, but we would like to devote a few inches of good wishes to its courageous author. Alexander Kokkalis studied in the Germany of the Weimar republic. Being disappointed in the chaotic economic teaching of the German universities, he began to think independently and to penetrate to the innermost essence of economic problems. He developed a new theory of economics there, and he has spent two decades in expounding it in both German and Greek.

A former Associate Professor at the University of Athens, Dr. Kokkalis is now in the United States. He has just issued his INTRODUCTION TO THE TOTAL THEORY OF LABOR: New Positive Foundation of Economics (Evans Printing Co., Concord, New Hampshire. 1950. 232 pp.), which is apparently the first of a series of books on his theory.

The author tells us that "the total theory of labor" is based on four main ideas. (1) That there is but one basic economic means, namely LABOR. (2) That there is a SPIRAL-LIKE MOTION OF LABOR ENERGY. (3) That there are only two factors of production and of value, namely the DIRECTIVE and the EXECUTORY. (4) That there is a MULTIPLE, not an additive, relationship of the production and value factors.

We leave the critical evaluation to professional economists, but we do warmly congratulate Dr. Kokkalsi on this vital undertaking.

AETOS

AETOS (The Eagle) is the title of a Washington, D. C. weekly published by Bookman's at 1746 Columbia Road. Memas Kolaitis is the editor.

This offset-printed publication is well written, covering a variety of subjects each week in both Greek and English. Its literary page is expertly handled, and we wish to recommend it to all who want to keep an eye on social happenigns in the nation's Capital. The subscription rate is only $7.50.

GAPA JUNIOR

The 4th National Convention of the Junior Order of G.A.P.A. took place at Pittsburgh, Pa., late in August. It was a very successful event, and one cannot laud too highly the edifying program and objectives of the Senior and Junior sections of the Order. Young Greek-Americans find the GAPA juniors full of healthful and spiritually sound activities, and for this reason they are getting more members every day.

One of the outstanding achievements of the GAPA is its publication the TRIBUNE OF GAPA. One finds considerable pleasure in perusing its contents, and one is hopefully surprised to find that the younger generation finds an interest in it. Our congratulations to Dr. Callimachos and his staff. One could expect no less from a veteran newspaper man and a high-minded author.

CHRIST G. JANUS REPORTS FROM THE AMAZON

Searching for valuable minerals in this highly specialized atomic age, took Christ G. Janus of Chicago and his party through the dangerous lanes and by-lanes of the mysterious Amazon waterway, but not without excitement and some narrow escapes as this report he sent us from Iquitos shows:

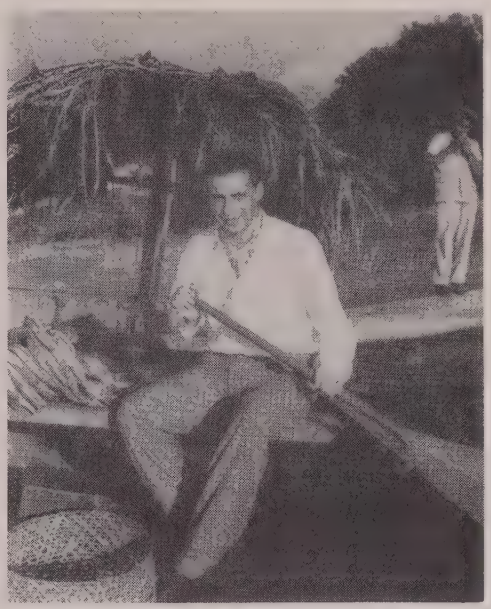
From people in each of the seven villages we stopped in on our journey from Belem across the continent on the Amazon to Iquitos there came reports that many of the Indian tribes have started on what seems to be a planned campaign to attack white workers on the rubber plantations.

Sporadic attacks from the savage Indians are not surprising in this area but this seems to be the first time they have attacked with guns.

As best as we can piece together the various reports the tribes in question include the Chavantes in Mato Grosso who do shoot their arrows at planes passing over their settlement; the Caiapo tribes on the Xingu River who have long been known to be among the most dangerous of the 40,000 Indians in this region; and the Aushiri on the Napoo, and the Aracunas tribes northwest of Iquitos.

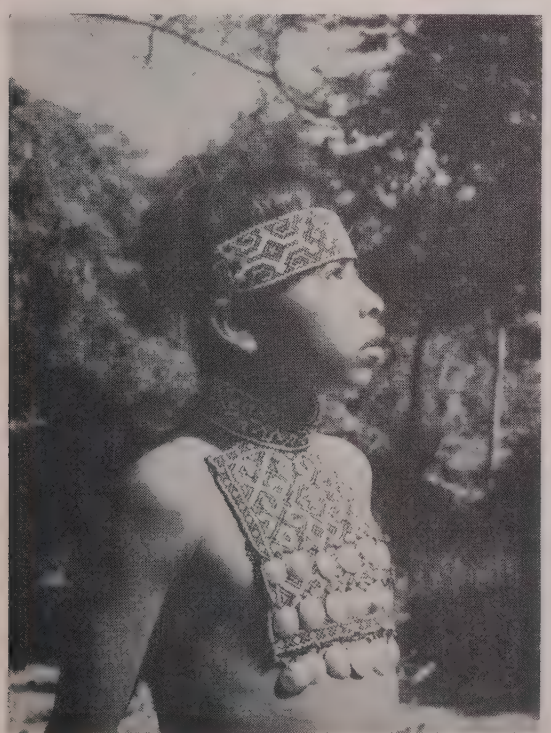
Judging from the additional shrunken heads that can be bought in some of the bigger villages on the Amazon it does seem fairly certain that the Jivaros on the Santiago River are more active than usual in their general savagery. It is interesting to note that the price of the shrunken head of a white man costs three times that of an Indian.

It might be also interesting to note in passing that the story of the flying discs has reached the Amazon. Several prominent business men in Manacs reported to us that they saw a flying disc, all aflame, fly over the Amazon about two weeks ago and appeared to fall or land in the Amazon a short distance west of Manaos. Two Boa constructors were found dead near where the disc is supposed to have crashed but there is no sign of any kind of disc.



MR. JANUS IN A CANOE, THE TYPE THEY USED ON THE AMAZON

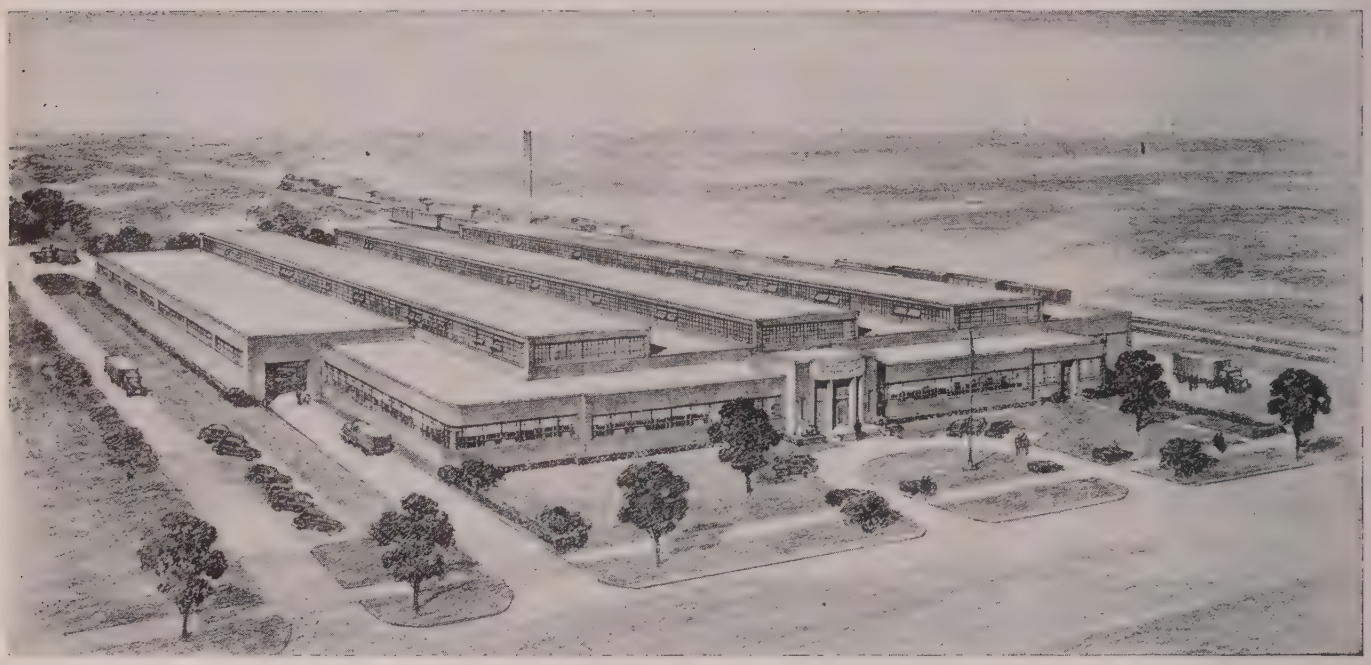
EDITOR'S NOTE: The trip was not fruitless nevertheless. When he went to Brazil with Charles A. Mitke, one of the world's foremost geologists to look for manganese, Mr. Janus reports that they have found a new source with reserves estimated in excess of half a million tons, consequently they are now in the manganese business in Brazil, selling manganese to the United States Government and to steel companies.



A YOUNG PRINCE OF THE CURIBO TRIBE ON THE AMAZON

A DESCENDANT OF THE HEAD HUNTERS ON THE AMAZON

Grocerland Cooperative, Inc. New $600,000.00 Warehouse



Peter Camburas Architect

The above photograph shows at a glance the immense new warehouse of Grocerland Cooperative, Inc., that has been recently constructed on a 10 acre tract of land at a cost of about $600,000 and it is located in Chicago's Southwest side, at 51st and Lawndale Ave.

This building is of the latest type of Grocery Warehouse construction and it is equipped with the most modern machinery and other conveniences to service and supply 400 or more retail grocery stores, with groceries, fresh fruit, vegetables and other relative merchandise. There will be 80,000 square feet of office and storage space with loading and unloading docks to accommodate 20 large trucks at the same time and a switch track inside the building for five railroad cars. Operations from this new warehouse will begin in January 1952.

Grocerland Cooperative, Inc. was organized back in 1940, by a group of farsighted and progressive retail grocers and started business with a mere $10,000 in liquid assets. For the last three years the Cooperative has been doing an average of $6,000,000 annually with affiliated yearly business estimated at thirty-five million dollars.

The Cooperative has rendered great service to its members and it is instrumental for its progress and success. The original fifty members have now been increased to 175, with retail stores in the better business sections in and around Chicago, and even as far as Springfield, Illinois. Most of these stores are of the modern supermarket type. It is expected that with the new warehouse the membership will be doubled in a short time.

Grocerland has become nationally famous throughout the whole food industry for the tremendous strides it has made and the success it has achieved in the realm of business and is today a famous organization with every leading food manufacturer in the country.

Grocerland is managed by the following nine member board of directors: George Kocalis, president; John Papas, vice-president; Dan Pavlatos, secretary; Harry Chipain, treasurer; Anthony Karlos, manager, and Harry Sarlas, Gus Zakos, George Papas, Perry Argianas, and George Manos, directors.

The erection of this building has been financed entirely by the membership and its construction has been directed by the following directors: John Papas, president; Alex Vrettos, vice-president; Peter Chintis, secretary; Dan Pavlatos, treasurer; John Malevites, George Fifles and George Limbers, directors.

The Following Chicago Concerns Have Participated in the Construction of the New Warehouse of

Grocerland Cooperative, Inc.

51st and LAWNDALE AVE. - CHICAGO, ILL.

General Contractor

CHELL AND ANDERSON

176 WEST ADAMS STREET
Phone STate 2-3467
CHICAGO

★

Plumbing and Heating

ECONOMY PLUMBING and HEATING CO.

1308 SOUTH PULASKI ROAD
Phone CRawford 7-0200
CHICAGO

★

Electrical

G. A. RAFEL & COMPANY

4937 NORTH WASHTENAW AVENUE
Phone ARdmore 1-1708
CHICAGO

★

Steel

RYERSON STEEL & IRON CORP.

2558 WEST 16th STREET
Phone ROckwell 2-2121
CHICAGO

★

Cement

FEDERAL CEMENT TILE CO.

608 SOUTH DEARBORN STREET
Phone HArrison 7-6395
CHICAGO

Glazier

AMERICAN GLASS CO.

1030 NORTH BRANCH STREET
Phone MOhawk 4-1100
CHICAGO

★

ARMSTRONG CORK CORPORATION

MERCHANDISE MART PLAZA
Phone DElaware 7-0500
CHICAGO

★

FRIGIDAIRE SALES CORPORATION

1200 NORTH HOMAN STREET
Phone CApitol 7-7000
CHICAGO

★

Ventilating

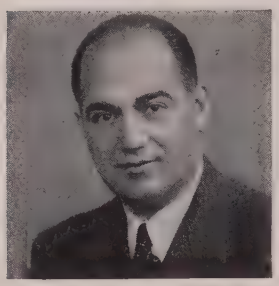
ACORD VENTILATING CO.

1900 MILWAUKEE AVENUE
Phone DIckens 2-5100
CHICAGO

★

CHAS. INSOLIA and SON

2339 NORTH McVICKERS
Phone BErkshire 7-4567
CHICAGO



New York

•

by

JOHN BELASCO

•

AT THE PENTHOUSE: On this special occasion of announcing Dr. Louis S. Ferris' new address at the Penthouse Building, a professional center at 30 Central Park South, I find pleasure in taking the opportunity of introducing him to our readers for the first time. Dr. Ferris was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, but was taken to Greece in his childhood. There he later studied medicine at the University of Athens, and after his graduation in 1938 he returned to the United States, where he continued his studies as an intern and resident at the following hospitals: Illinois Masonic in Chicago, Flower and Fifth Ave. in New York, the Methodist Hospital in Gary, Indiana, and Willard Parker Hospital in New York.

LOUIS S. FERRIS, M. D.

During the war he served as Captain in the Medical Corps of the U. S. Army at leading army hospitals in the United States and India. After his release from military service, he established himself in private practice in our eastern metropolis where he is affiliated with leading medical institutions. Dr. Ferris practices internal medicine, with special interest in arthritis and cardiac disorders.

Our distinguished physician, whom our community respects for his fine traits and professional ability, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Spiros Seferlis, natives of Lagadia, Arcadia, Greece, now residing in Gary, Indiana. Dr. Ferris, a past president of the Arcadian Society in New York, is also a capable writer in his field.

THEODORE PSAROPOULOS—This Athenian-born portrait painter, began his studies in Athens and continued in Milan and New York. He specializes in portraits and a look at his subjects proves that he is leading the field. Some of the noted personalities who posed for him are: The late J. Forrestal, Secretary of the Navy; General J. Wainwright; The late H. H. Arnold U. S. air force general; J. C. Grew, former ambassador to Turkey and Japan; J. M. Melancio, Phillipine ambasador in U. S.; Fred Haggerson, president Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, etc.

Recently he finished a portrait of the Hon. Vincent R. Impellitteri, Mayor of New York (See Page 43) which received favorable mention in the Metropolitan press. This painting was officially unveiled and presented to the Mayor at the City Hall, a gift of Greek-Americans. It now is displayed at Gracie Mansion, the Mayor's residence.

PERRY VOULTSOS and His Continentals are now back in New York for the Winter season. Prof. Voultsos, who also writes music, is a well liked personality in the music world here. He may be reached at his new address, 740 W. 187th Street.

Pretty 18-year-old **MARIA GEROULIS,** the 1000th displaced person to be brought to America from Greece, carried a gift from the people of Greece to President Truman,—soil from the graves of the heroes of Thermopylae in Sparta, to be placed at the tomb of the unknown soldier in Arlington National Cemetery.

(Continued on Page 44)

Portrait of Hon. Vincent R. Impellitteri, Mayor of New York City
by the Greek-American Artist Theodore Psaropoulos.

The Mayor's wife is admiring portrait.

MR. AND MRS. CHRIST G. PAPPAGEORGE

Mr. and Mrs. Christ G. Pappageorge of Chicago. Their recent wedding (Sept. 2, 1951) at St. Constantine's Chicago united two prominent Greek-American families in the Windy City. Mrs. Christ Pappageorge is the former Gloria Papageorgiou, daughter of Anthony and Julia Papageorgiou. Her father is president of Pekin Cleaners and a public spirited citizen. The groom's parents, George and Sophia Pappageorge have been established in Chicago for many years.

NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 42)

PROUD GRANDFATHER: Petros Podromides, New York pioneer with six of his eight grandchildren

photographed outside his home in Brooklyn. The Prodromideses arrived here in 1912 with their five children (all married now) and in 1918 they established the Prodromides Music Store at 616 8th Avenue, New York, known to Greek-Americans all over the country. Paul, a son is director of the Greek Radio Parade since 1929. He is a well liked commentator and with Kyriakos, another son is in charge of the store as well, since Petros, the proud grandfather retired some time ago.

"AMERICA" PRINTED IN CZECHOSLOVAK SOCIETY ORGAN

Michalaros' poem "America" from his volume, "Sonnets of An Immigrant", was reprinted in the September 15th issue of the Czechoslovak Society Organ, an advanced cultural publication, published in Berwyn, Ill., headquarters of the Society.

"The Organ" ably edited by Jaroslav F. Chmelicek, is printed in both Czech and English and contains a wealth of information and cultural themes of interest to the members of the Society and generally to all Americans of Czech descent. It is a major force in Czechoslovak communities in the country and its sponsor the Czechoslovak Society of America has been noted for its patriotic antecedents and good influence and good service to its members and the community.

POEM

BY

KOSTES PALAMAS

"I sought you winged yearnings,
I sought you in a forest;

And caught you all, both well-known birds and strange;

Caught the gay songsters, yes, and the still-throated;

And caught the white, the yellow, the molten-metal hued;

And those that cruelly wrench, and the most softly tender;

And those that, as if wounded, drag themselves in dust;

And I caught too the restless, the broad and powerful winged;

Then let them free to soar—
—now in another forest . . .

Aye, let them free to soar
—now in my heart."

Reprinted from
"HELLAS' London

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR
FROM

Chicago's Most Distinctive
Store Layout Engineers and Designers
of Modern Store Fixtures

Benjamin Store Fixtures and Contracting Co.

TO ALL
GREEK-AMERICAN BUSINESSMEN
IN THE CHICAGO AREA

★

Builders of Store Fixtures for

Kokalis' Sure Save Food Marts
7612 North Paulina Street
1338 West Morse Avenue

Lincoln Village
at Lincoln and Peterson
(Now Under Construction)

Argianas Bros. Grocerland Super Mart and Liquorland
4748 West Diversey Boulevard

Grocerland Market Basket
Addison St. and Crawford Ave.

Skippy's Restaurant
101 E. North Lake, North Lake, Ill.
AND MANY OTHER HIGH CLASS STORES

★

Complete Installation for Stores
from Floor to Ceiling

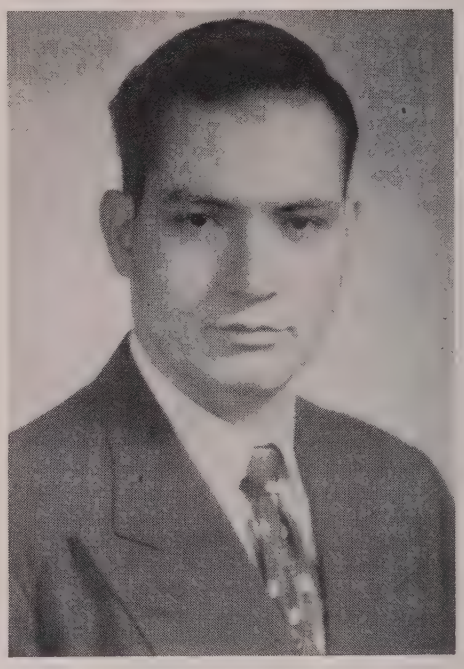
★

Benjamin Store Fixtures and Contracting Co.

4306 NORTH WESTERN AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Phone COrnelia 7-1818

ANN ARBOR SITE OF PEPONIS-PREKETES ENGAGEMENT

MISS DEMETRA PREKETES



HAROLD H. PEPONIS

Harold A. Peponis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Peponis, of Chicago, became engaged September 21st to Miss Demetra Preketes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank N. Kreketes of Ann Arbor, Michigan, at the Washtenaw Country Club of that city.

The engagement was one of the highlighting events to take place in the popular college town. The Reverend Vakalakis officiated at the ceremony and the God-Father, Mr. George Kollintzas of Chicago, changed the rings.

Among the many relatives and friends of the newly-engaged couple in attendance were, from Chicago: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Peponis and their son James, Mr. and Mrs. George Kollintzas, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Christos, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Karambis, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Boukas, Mr. Frank H. Peponis, Mr. John C. Peponis, Mr. Peter George and his sisters Angeline and Georgia, Mr. and Mrs. Christ Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre De Mets, Mr. Paul Javaras, Mr. and Mrs. Speros Katsandonis, Mr. and Mrs. Gust Contos, Mr. and Mrs. Soter Contos, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Xinos, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lelos, Mr. and Mrs. John Lelos, Mrs. Olga Lelos, Mrs. Harry Soter, Mrs. Gust Londos.

From Ann Arbor were Mr. and Mrs Frank Preketes, their son Constantine and their daughter, Ourania, Mrs. Demetra N. Preketes, mother of the Preketes Brothers, 92 years of age, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Preketes, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Preketes and family, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Prekete sand family, Mr. and Mrs. Nick P. Preketes and family, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Convick, Mrs. George Lingon and son, Mr. and Mrs. Christ Bilakos and family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kokinakis and family, Mr. and Mrs. Christ Kokinakis and family, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Kokinakis and family, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Koken, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kokalis and family, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Kentes, Dr. and Mrs. Anthony Kokinakis, Mrs. Peter Collins, Mr. and Mrs. James Faggos, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Skinner and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George Poulos and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Vitogiannis, Mr. Anthony Hrones, Mr. George Parras, Dr. and Mrs. Niki Cocorelis and daughter, Dr. Charaiambides, Mr. Wm. Poulos, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kokinakis, Mr. and Mrs. George Karageorge, Dr. Petrohilos.

And from nearby Detroit were: Mr. and Mrs. Steve Cheolas and family, Mr. and Mrs. George Morris, Mr. and Mrs. George George, Mr. and Mrs. S. Poulios, Mr. and Mrs. George Lambesis and family, Mr. and Mrs. Nick Boukas, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Makris.

Mr. and Mrs. Gust Yiotis and family from Flint, Michigan attended the gala ceremony, as did Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Manos of the same city. From Clinton came Mr. and Mrs. Louis Roumel and family and Mr. John Trakas from Lansing, Michigan, Mr. Peter Pascalenos from Battle Creek, Michigan, Mr. and Mrs. Gust Trakas, and Mr. and Mrs. George Mavroleon and son from New York, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Morris and son from Trenton, Mich.

A dinner followed the ceremony and Mr. De Mets presented the relatives and friends of the Peponis family while Mr. Charles Preketes did likewise for the Preketes family. A local orchestra provided the mood music for dancing for the event which lasted until after midnight.

REORIENTATION AT RHODES

(Continued from Page 27)

Rhodes, age is honored, not pushed into a corner and ignored.

Church and school are always the most prominent buildings in a Rhodian town; clergy and teachers its most honored citizens. The native respect for truth and education reminds one of a sentence from the Oath of Hippocrates, "father of scientific medicine" who came from the neighboring Greek island of Cos.

"I shall hold the one who instructed me . . . in equal esteem with my parents; I shall share my substance with him if he be in need . . ."

It was the church and public school, supported by loyal Rhodians at home and abroad, that kept alive the Greek culture and democratic spirit of Rhodes thru fourteen foreign occupations. To know these people and their history is to renew one's faith in the durability of democracy, which was not stamped out of their hearts by 2000 years of totalitarian oppression.

I do not claim perfection for the islanders. Their initiative has been stultified by 20 centuries of absolute rule. From 1522 to 1912, they stagnated in the backwaters of the Ottoman Empire. They were untouched by the humanitarian movement that swept Western Europe in the 18th and 19th centuries. There is still inequality of opportunity for women. The S.P.C.A. would find itself overworked and misunderstood. Young children and animals wear blue beads as protection against "the evil eye". Other traces of Near Eastern superstition linger.

Exploitation of the Rhodians by every foreign invader was climaxed during the illegal occupation of the islands by Italy, from 1912 to V-E day. The Italians abolished even the small degree of local autonomy allowed by the Turks. They interfered with the islanders' freedoms of speech, education and worship, all of which the Turks had respected. Finally, by peace treaty of World War II, Rhodes and her sister islands of the Dodecanese were liberated, and chose reunion with their mother country, Greece.

From centuries of isolation and enforced ignorance stem the Rhodians' primitive agricultural practices, poor sanitation and lack of "modern conveniences," outside the capital. In the villages there is no refrigeration but the ice-cold spring water. Instead of the efficiency of washing machines, there is the camaraderie of women pounding clothes together at the spring trough.

You find perhaps one telephone to a village, (ours had none) and no radios. Two weekly papers are published in the capital. The town crier performs the function of spot news announcer, when there is something of general significance to report.

Here, beyond the irritations of telephone, radio and daily papers with their distorted perspective and distracting trivia, we had time to focus on fundamentals.

Here the tempo of living is attuned to a man's normal heartbeat!

In spite of occasional physical discomfort, we have never known a deeper sense of personal peace than we found at Rhodes. We returned home wondering whether some of the "poor" people whose economic standards we deplore, are not in the basic metal of living richer than ourselves.

American Express

MONEY TO GREECE

Your relatives and friends will appreciate the ease of obtaining money in Greece via American Express Service. You can send remittances to them via mail or cable.

Principal Correspondents in Greece:

THE AMERICAN EXPRESS CO., Inc.
BANK OF GREECE
NATIONAL BANK OF GREECE
BANK OF ATHENS
COMMERCIAL BANK OF GREECE
BANK POPULAIRE, S. A.

This valuable service available at many banks, sub-agencies, American Express and Railway Express offices throughout the United States.

American Express
Travelers Cheques

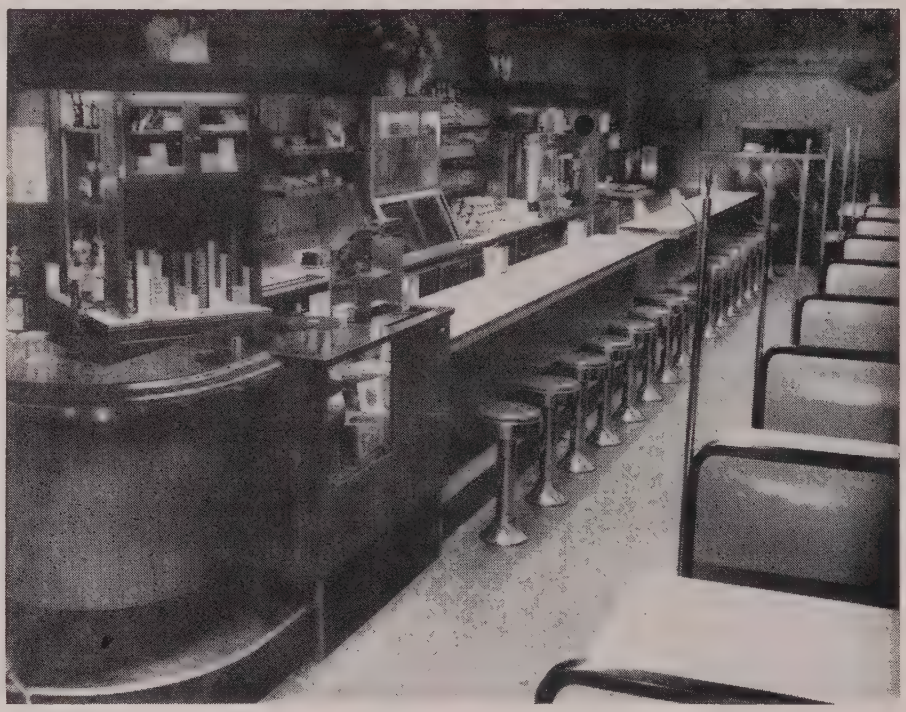
The safest way to carry money when traveling:

Refunded if lost, stolen or destroyed:
Your signature is the only identification required.
Spendable like cash throughout the world.
Cost only 75c per $100.00.
Sold at BANKS and principal Railway Express and Western Union offices.

Steve Skarmeas

INVITES YOU

TO THE REMODELED



(Angeles Studio Photo)

NEW ERA RESTAURANT

600 BLUE ISLAND AVENUE

(Corner Harrison, Blue Island and Halsted)

★

Store Fixtures and Equipment

Designed, Manufactured and Installed by

STORE EQUIPMENT CO.

BUILDERS OF FINE STORES

626 SOUTH HALSTED STREET
CHICAGO 7, ILL.

LARGEST GREEK-AMERICAN SCHOOL BUILDING NEARS COMPLETION

The Chicago Assumption Church School building program is progressing steadily under the leadership of Mr. Mike Korompilas, president of the Community Board, and his fellow trustee members. The "Plato" school building, largest in America, features fourteen classrooms, teachers' rooms, clubrooms for men and women, a library, acoustical ceilings, a 1000 capacity recreation hall, intercommunication

MR. MIKE KOROMPILAS

system between class rooms, bookstore, up-to-date kitchen and lavatories, induced draft system, and many other features.

Designed by architect Peter E. Camburas, the school building is nearing completion and will be ready for use soon. At the same time the Assumption Community which is the largest Greek-American church organization in the country, is getting ready to proceed with the building of the Community Center building which will adjoin the school building and with the church will form a harmonious unit. The church serves the west side and the Chicago western suburbs.

NEW ERA RESTAURANT REMODELED

The New Era Restaurant, at the corner of Halsted, Blue Island and Harrison Sts., in the heart of the old Greek Colony in Chicago has been remodeled by Mr. Steve Skarmeas, its owner, one of the younger restaurant executives in the community. The alteration work was done by the Store Equipment Co., builders of fine stores, 626-628 S. Halsted St., Chicago. Founded by the late John Skarmeas, the New Era Restaurant has been a landmark in the Hellenic community of the Windy City.

GREETINGS

Monroe Theatre

MONROE at DEARBORN STS.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

★
★
★

JAMES M. JOVAN
Managing Director

If You Plan to Build or to Remodel
Your Home or Store Consult

DARIOTIS CONSTRUCTION

3503 SOUTH 53rd Avenue
CICERO 50, ILLINOIS

★

836 WEST VERNON PARK
CHICAGO

Phone SEeley 8-2264
Olympic 2-3586

★

Plans Furnished Free

We Also Finance Your Project

JIM DIMITRI SCORES ON RADIO-TV

Jim Dimitri, well known Chicago radio and TV artist of Hellenic descent has been on practically every Chicago station and his talents have been variously praised as a singer and in dramatic roles.

Born in Kansas City, Mo., he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Christ Gober. The Rev. Christ Nanopoulos of Galvaston, Texas is his grandfather.

The family moved to Chicago in 1941. He was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant (Air Force Navigator), and his music and dramatic schooling has been extensive.

Currently he is on "OkKay" TV Saturday morning show (10 A. M.) and he has appeared: Saturday Night Review (NBC), Dave Garroway Show; They Stand Accused, Mutual Dumont Network; Music In Velvet (ABC); Music from the Windy City (WGN Radio); Jim Dimitri Sings (WIND); Music Bowl (WBKB); Bob and Kay (WENR) etc.

His mother is a teacher at St. Demetrios Church. His sister Elene, married Andrew Spheeris in Milwaukee, Wis., and his brother Dene Gober has an advertising agency in Galveston, Texas.

Supreme Insurance Agency

This is the only Hellenic Insurance Agency in Illinois. Chris D. Toulon, well known Chicago attorney is the secretary of the agency and its organizer. Founded in April 1950, the Supreme Insurance Agency already has approximately $400,000 annual premiums on its books and still growing fast. They have a specialist for every kind of insurance on its staff, and represent the best insurance companies in all phases of insurance.

Supreme Insurance Agency, Inc., is located at 30 N. La Salle St., Chicago 2, Ill., Tel. CEntral 6-5345.

SAFETY CONVENIENCE SERVICE SINCE 1860

•

During our more than 90 years of banking service we have been privileged to serve many thousands of Greeks and Greek-Americans. Our years of experience assure safe, efficient service. We invite your inquiry regarding any of our services.

•

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

Accounts may be opened in person or by mail. Latest dividend at rate of 2% per annum.

•

FOREIGN REMITTANCES

Funds can be sent to relatives and friends abroad, by Draft, Foreign Money Order, Cable or by American Express Check.

•

TRAVELERS CHECKS

If you are planning to visit Greece during the Homecoming Year or going on a trip anywhere, see us for American Express Travelers Checks—the safe way to carry travel money. Spendable anywhere—anytime.

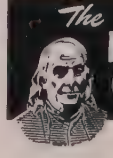
•

GREEK SPOKEN

Two members of our staff, Mr. John Belasco and Miss Christina Voutsas, are available to assist our Greek speaking customers.

•

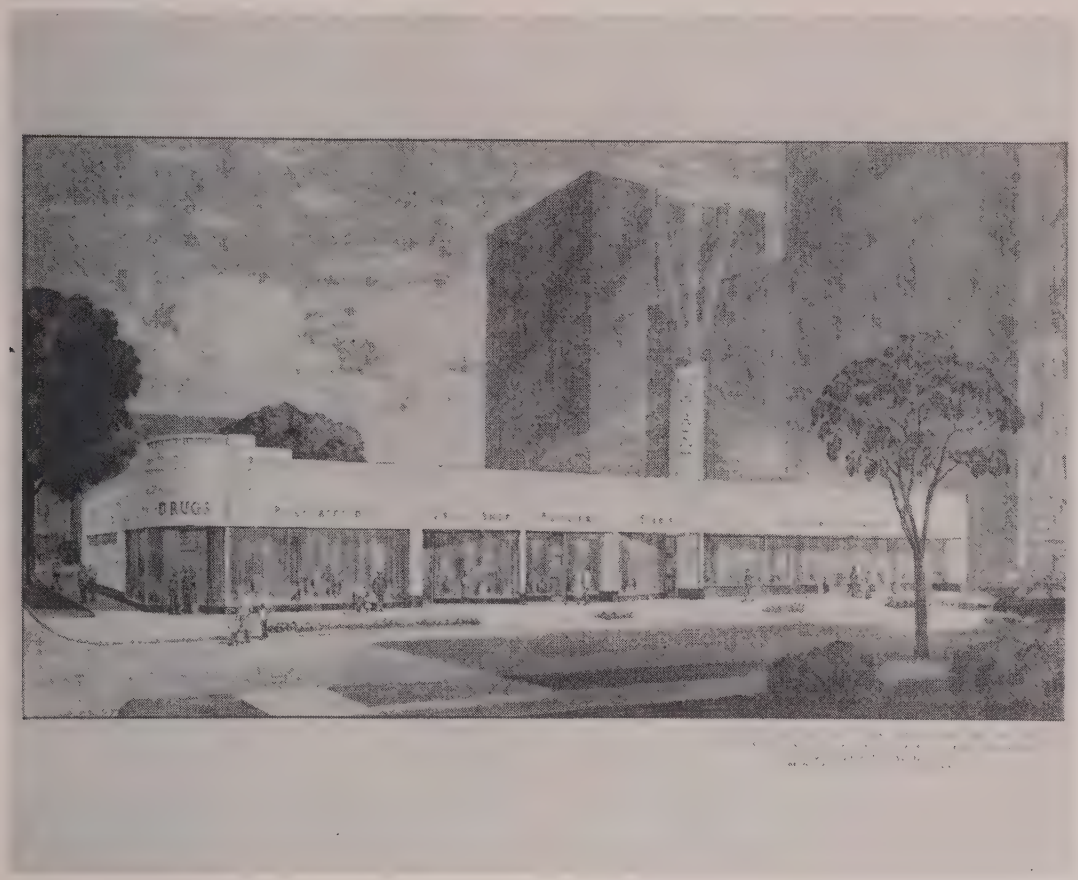
OPEN MONDAYS UNTIL 7 P. M.



The FRANKLIN Savings Bank

Eighth Avenue and 42nd St., New York 18, N.Y.

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation



PETER E. CAMBURAS, Architect

This beautiful modernistic commercial building located at the S. W. Corner of Granville and Kenmore Aves., Chicago, is owned by the well known Rogers Park business man, Mr. FRANK NICHOLS. Mr. Nichols, who hails from Pyrgos, Elias, Greece, is a Past President of the Rogers Park Kiwanis Club, and prominently identified with the Granville-Broadway Businessmen's Association. He also owns the Snow Drop Inn. The following Firms participated in the construction of the above buildings:

GENERAL CONTRACTOR
G. T. SUNDE CO.
5734 Belmont Avenue
Phone PEnsacola 6-2300

MASONRY
CHAS. INSOLIA & SON
2339 N. McVickers
Phone BErkshire 7-4567

GLAZING
NATIONAL GLASS CORP.
15 N. Paulina Street
Phone SEeley 3-6930

PLUMBING
J. K. CASANOVA
4623 N. Kedzie Avenue
Phone COrnelia 7-5040

STONE
REICH CUT STONE CO.
3003 S. Cicero Avenue
Cicero, Illinois

CONCRETE
R. D. C. CONSTRUCTION
1029 S. Almond Street
Phone CHesapeake 3-2793

ROOFING
HANS ROSENOW ROOFING CO., Inc.
5854 Northwest Highway
Phone NEwcastle 1-0944

ELECTRICAL
BERRY ELECTRIC CO.
610 Grenshaw Street
Phone HAymarket 1-3002

PLASTERING
CASSIDY BROS. CO.
6447 N. Francisco Ave.
Phone SHeldrake 3-6041

CARPENTRY
K. P. JOHNSON CO.
1105 Lawrence Avenue
Phone LOngbeach 1-2464

HEATING
SANDERS HEATING CO.
5322-24 Belmont Avenue
Phone MUlberry 5-1252

INSULATION
SOUTHTOWN INSULATION
727 E. 87th Street
Phone HUdson 3-0202

METAL CEILING
S. A. BARNES CO.
1839 S. Laflin Street
Phone SEeley 3-1231

Miller Floor Co.

Contractors of Ken-Tile Floors & Walls

FLOORS THAT ENDURE

(Example of our flooring at St. Nicholas Church, Chicago)

14815 MORGAN STREET - HARVEY, ILLINOIS

Res. Phone Harvey 4832 - Bus. Harvey 1532

ENTERPRISE DISTRIBUTING CO.

Inc.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

DISTRIBUTORS OF

201 SOUTH WATER MARKET

MOnroe 6-6682 - MOnroe 6-6683

CHICAGO 8, ILLINOIS

★

GEORGE KANDARAS, Proprietor

In Chicago It's LANDER'S

THE ULTIMATE IN

FOOD - DRINKS - ATMOSPHERE

When You Come to Chicago with Your Convention

or as a Visitor — Enjoy Your Stay

At

Lander's Restaurant

134 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE

Phone FRanklin 2-4086

CHICAGO

Prodromidis

GREEK DEPARTMENT STORE
FAMOUS SINCE 1918

•

Imports-Exports

•

RECORDS—ALL MAKES
RADIOS—SHORT WAVE
RADIO—PHONO COMBINATIONS
TELEVISION—RCA, VICTOR, PHILCO
STEFANA, BAPTISTICA
TYPEWRITERS—GREEK AND ENGLISH
SPECIAL RETRIGERATORS AND
ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES FOR GREECE
GREEK MAGAZINES - JEWELRY
FOUNTAIN PENS - CAMERAS
IMPORTED GREEK GIFTS
GREEK RECORDS SENT TO ALL PARTS
OF THE WORLD.

★

PRODROMIDIS RADIO PROGRAMS:

SUNDAY AFT., 1-2 — WLIB—1190 Kc.
TUESDAY EVE., 9 — WWRL—1600 Kc.
THURSDAY EVE., 9 — WWRL—1600 Kc.

•

Visit PRODROMIDIS CO., at
616 8th Ave. between 39th & 40th Sts.

New York 18, N. Y.

GREETINGS
FROM

Phil Tsolakis

(FURRIER DE PARIS)

★

Exclusive Mink Manufacturer

MINK

Coats - Capes - Cape Jackets - Jackets & Stoles

★

190 NORTH STATE STREET
Phone ANdover 3-5747
CHICAGO, ILL.

George Georgian

INVITES YOU TO VISIT THE NEW
MAGNIFICENT SHOWROOM

OF

MAYFAIR TELEVISION SALES

2733 MILWAUKEE AVENUE
(Logan Square)
CHICAGO, ILL.

★

See the Finest
Television Sets Displayed

★

Phone DIckens 2-6200

NEW SUPREME LODGE OF STEREA HELLAS FEDERATION

THE 1951-1952 NATIONAL OFFICERS OF THE STEREA HELLAS FEDERATION ELECTED AT THE CHICAGO NATIONAL CONVENTION THIS SEPTEMBER: Sitting (l to r) George Pappas, of Chicago, Supreme Secretary; Charles Antonopoulos, Lowell, Mass., 1st Supreme Vice-President; Rev. Daniel Gambriles, Chicago, Supreme President; Nicholas Souffras, Lowell, Mass., Supreme Counselor; Demos Demopoulos, Haverhill, Mass., Governor Eastern States. Standing (l to r) Anthony Lingon, Detroit, Mich., Governor Midwestern States; George Rendas, Chicago, Treasurer; Nicholas Merrick, Detroit, Mich., 2nd Vice-President; Takis Christopoulos, Chicago, Governor Western States.

The 1951 Convention voted for an excursion to Greece in 1952 or early 1953, and they also decided to support various church and charitable institutions both here and in Greece. They also gave a scholarship to a blind boy. The Federation has twenty chapters all over the country and is one of the most progressive organizations among Greek-Americans.

C. TRIANTAPHILLOU

ARTIST

Now Finishing St. Nicholas Church in Chicago

★

STUDIO: 219 SEVENTH AVENUE - NEW YORK CITY

Phone WAtkins 9-4068

TRAVEL IMMIGRATION

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE
PERSONAL ATTENTION
PERSONAL SERVICE

★

STEAMSHIP ACCOMMODATIONS:

NEA HELLAS - LA GUARDIA - ATLANTIC - ITALIA (all direct to Greece)
QUEEN MARY, QUEEN ELIZABETH, LIBERTE, ILE de FRANCE, AMERICA (via France or England)
INDEPENDENCE, CONSTITUTION, SATURNIA, VULCANIA, CONTE BIANCAMANO (via Naples, Italy).

AIRPLANE ACCOMMODATIONS

Daily flights to Greece, as well as to all European capitals. We reserve either from New York to Europe, or Chicago-Europe, on all air lines.

★

Rates to Greece:

Return Until June 30, 1952

$774.70, round trip

★

GROUPS

We arrange tours for student or other group Escorted to Greece

WRITE

N. J. Cassavetes

ACROPOLE EXPRESS

303 WEST 42nd STREET - NEW YORK, N. Y.
Tel. CI 5-4870 - 5-4871

SEASON'S GREETINGS
To Our Greek Listening Audience

•

WCRW
THE GOLD COAST STATION

2756 PINE GROVE AVENUE
Phone EAstgate 7-6860

•

25 Years of Daily Broadcasting in Chicago

•

1240 on your dial — 11 A. M. to 2 P. M.
Strictly AM — 5 P. M. to 7 P. M.

SEASON'S GREETINGS
from the

OFFICERS and MEMBERS

of the

3rd DISTRICT

Pan-Arcadian Federation of America

★

NICK PHOTOPOULOS
Governor

ABILITY WOODWORK COMPANY

Founded some years ago the Ability Woodwork Company, Formica fabricators, 3033 N. Elston Avenue, Chicago, is a pioneer in plastics and is building quite a reputation for the products it manufactures. These include bar and counter tops, kitchen and sink tops, dinette sets, formica realwood and inlay table tops, etc. They sell wholesale and retail, and restaurant men particularly should be interested in this company and its products, since the counter tops and tables, as well as the bars made in the Ability Woodwork factory are extremely attractive and very durable.

The Ability Woodwork Company utilizes at present 18,000 square feet of factory space and they are growing rapidly. Mr. William A. Lucas the manager took us around the shop and we were impressed with the quality of merchandise used and the thoroughness in construction technique.

This company which is owned by George A. Askounis, the well known Chicago lawyer and Mr. Lucas, is really going places. The story of plastics is a fascinating subject, and it seems that in matters of construction too, the future belongs to this fastest growing industry.

GREETINGS
FOR A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

Ability Woodwork Co.

3033-41 NORTH ELSTON AVENUE
CHICAGO 18, ILL.

★

FORMICA FABRICATORS
Bar and Counter Tops
Kitchen and Sink Tops
Formica Realwood and
Inlay Table Tops
Dinette Sets

★

Phones INdependence 3-3260-1-2-3

Compliments of

MID CITY DAIRY

★

2828 WEST NORTH AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILL.

Fountain View Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge

★

530 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE
(Corner Harrison Street)
CHICAGO, ILL.

Compliments of

Michael Lascaris Furs

22 West Madison Street
Chicago

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

of ATHENE, published quarterly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1951, State of Illinois—County of Cook.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor is Demetrios A. Michalaros, 919 Wellington Ave., Chicago, Ill.

2. Business Manager: John T. Dariotis, 3503 S. 53rd Ave., Cicero, Ill.

3. The owner is Demetrios A. Michalaros, 919 Wellington Ave., Chicago, Ill.

4. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders oowning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: NONE.

5. Paargraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the afiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

DEMETRIOS A. MICHALAROS

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of October, 1951.

PERICLES CALOEDAS
(My commission expires Sept. 2, 1953)

TV at its value BEST

your opportunity to save on **BIG SCREEN TV** by trading in your small set NOW for bigger, better TV!

"LIFE-SIZE" 17 INCH Motorola TV

SPECIAL AT

$299.95

See It At the New Magnificent

Mayfair Television Store

2721 MILWAUKEE AVE. - CHICAGO

Phone DIckens 2-6200

DIMITRI HARALAMBIS

Taelnted Greek pianist comes to the United States following his recitals in various European countries and South America. He was highly praised by critics abroad. His recent debut in Town Hall, New York, was favorably received. He plans a tour in America, under the management of Columbia Artists Management, Inc., 113 West 57th Street, New York.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL—SEE
JOHN P. DAROS
— at —
Enterprises Exchange
105 WEST MONROE STREET
DEarborn 2-5486 DEarborn 2-5487
CHICAGO, ILL.

Compliments of
PETER G. MEDET
and
PUBLIX CAFETERIA
814 West 63rd Street
Chicago, Ill.

If You Plan to Travel to Greece
by Plane or by Boat see
H. C. VEROS
★
ATLAS TRAVEL BUREAU
617 SOUTH HALSTED STREET
Phone MOnroe 6-3292
CHICAGO 7, ILL.
Tickets Issued for All Parts
of the World

Greetings
BRIGGS RESTAURANT
Known for Service and Quality
186 WEST ADAMS STREET
Phone DEarborn 22910
CHICAGO, ILL.

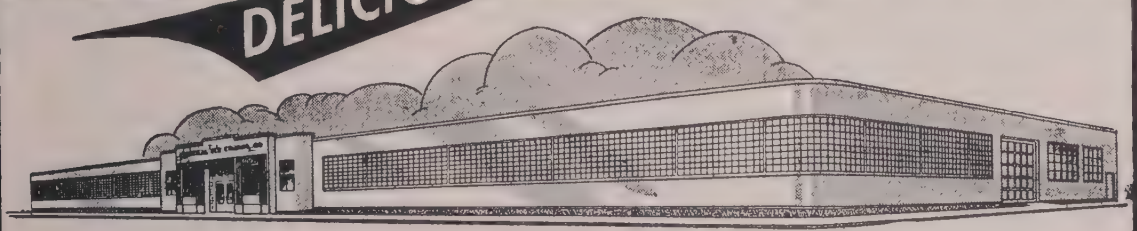
CENTRAL'S

HIGHLANDER'S Diced Cream

35% RICHERTHAN ORDINARY ICE CREAM

Made by

Central DELICIOUS ICE CREAM



Manufacturers of

QUALITY ICE CREAM

CITY & SUBURBAN DELIVERIES • We Specialize in Fancy Molds & Ice Cream Cakes

CENTRAL ICE CREAM CO.

Call VIRginia 1811

Chicago 9, Illinois

within the group difficult. Furthermore, even in marriages between persons both of Greek origin, many concerns, with respect to language and church, are presented in connection with the conscious or unconscious continuation of abandoning of certain aspects of our Greek heritage. Those problems are, of course, not universally existent and, indeed, to some of our youth they may be utterly insignificant; but in view of the fact that in some cases they appear as acute as in the case mentioned by Mr. Bosomburg, it is fair to assume that they are problems which at some time or other and in some measure or other have been encountered by the majority of our youth.

4. **What can we do about these problems?** by Theodore N. Constant

Living as we do in this great American democracy, we know that debate, discussion and deliberation are part of the accepted democratic process in seeking to find solutions of social or public problems. Arguments **pro** and **con are** advanced, suggestions are offered, and solutions are proposed and adopted. This is a wise and safe way to do things.

We, the Greek-Americans, are now an integral part of this great democracy, and we should treat the problems peculiar to our group in the same democratic way. It is, therefore, our duty to bring these problems out in the open, discuss them as fully as possible, and reach conclusions which may point to the fulfillment of our objectives. Discussion must be held everywhere—in our homes, in our churches, in our organizations, and in our private conversations—so that everybody will know well what these problems are and will be in a position to deliberate on their merits and demerits, and finally be able to make a choice of solutions which will be adopted by the group. Then we should make it our business to find ways and means to put the collective judgment of our group into actual practice in order to attain our ultimate objectives. This can be done through our own proper channels such as our own churches, schools and organizations.

It will be very essential for us to digest the problems thoroughly, to co-operate and to concentrate on carrying out such decisions as we shall have reached with determination. We do realize, of course, that social problems require, by reason of their very nature, a great deal of time and effort. But we have little to worry about the time element because we are here to stay. It is, however, incumbent upon us to put in the necessary effort in this respect intelligently, persistently and systematically in order to reach our goals—the solutions of our specific problems.

III.

OUR YOUTH AND THE GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH

1. **Introduction,** by **Zack T. Ritsos**

This subject is of vital present-day importance and concern to every Greek-American parent.

In order to instill character in our youth and make them good, law-abiding citizens, we must imbue them with religion. The teachings of the church contribute to the spiritual development of our children—they teach them to be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, clean and respected citizens. Our church also plays a very important roll in the educational development of our children in many ways.

2. **Why do we wish our children to remain in the Greek Orthodox Church?**, by Christ Karafotias

If this question were asked of a typical Greek-American parent, the spontaneous reaction might well be: "Why! I am a Greek Orthodox; naturally my children should belong to the Greek Orthodox Church." Such a statement would seem to be indicative of the fact that to a large degree children and young people have been swept into the church or out of it as inevitable attachments to their parents and as pale reflections of their parent's mood and mind. Indeed, it is only natural for a parent to want to bring up his children in the same religious faith to which he belongs.

However, even though this may explain the actual behaviour of many persons, it is not analytically a sufficient reason by itself for our desire that our children remain in the Greek Orthodox Church.

Logically, the primary and most compelling reason for this desire should be the profound conviction that the Orthodox Church is the true church of Christ, and thus should serve as the guiding light for our children to follow through the trials and tribulations of modern existence.

(Continued on Page 62)

GREETINGS FROM

WEBER LAUNDRY
LINEN SUPPLY CO.

1421 NORTH WELLS STREET - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

ANTHONY PAPADAKIS, Manager

PETER STEFANAKOS (Stephens) PANLACONIAN CHIEF IN THREE STATES

Peter Stafanakos (Stephens) well known Chicago real estate man, has been elected Governor of the Panlaconian Federation of the United States and Canada, for Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa.

The Panlaconian Federation is one of the leading Greek-American organizations in the country. C. M. Buculavas is president with headquarters in Boston, Mass.

Catherine Koutsogianes (Janis)

Travel Representative

★

INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL SERVICE, Inc.

PALMER HOUSE - SUITE 1217
119 SOUTH STATE STREET - CHICAGO
Phone FInancial 6-3750

★

Offering
DOMESTIC, OVERSEAS, ROUND THE WORLD TRAVEL BY AIR, LAND AND SEA.
SELECTED INDEPENDENT ITINERARIES OR ESCORTED TOURS

★

Assisting with Greek Translations
American Passports - Re-Entry Permits

ACHAIA CLAUSS

YOUR FAVORITE GREEK WINE

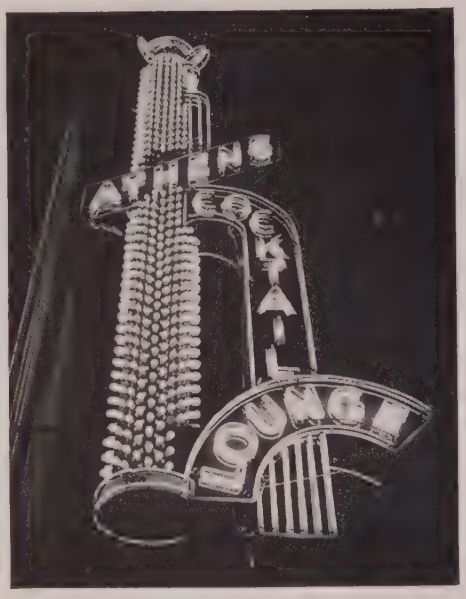
The ancient house of quality at Patras

MAVRODAPHNE — OR — RETSINA

A LITTLE OF GREECE FOR YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS

AT YOUR LIQUOR STORE

CARILLON IMPORTERS Ltd. Sole U. S. Agents



• Famous from coast to coast for its superb dishes and its enchanting environment. The ATHENS is a must place if you plan to come to Chicago. BRING YOUR FRIENDS!

• Greek and Oriental Dishes a Specialty.

• Parties accommodated.

The Athens

is located on the
Southwest Corner of
Halsted and Harrison Streets
Chicago

★ ★ ★

For Reservations Call
MOnroe 6-2072 or CAnal 6-9265

PROBLEMS OF GREEK-AMERICANS

(Continued from Page 60)

Why allow our children to foresake religion entirely or follow the faith of another Church when we know from history that the Holy Orthodox Church has preserved an unbroken continuity with the very beginnings of Christian religion—that it is the only church which remains faithful to the ancient Ecumenical Councils—that it holds the true faith as revealed by Christ and proclaimed by his apostles.

In addition to this belief in the truth and authenticity of its doctrinal teachings, another reason for our desiring to keep our children in the Greek Orthodox Church is the inherent democracy which prevails in its administration and government. It is truly a liberal church, and does not rely on authoritarianism, but values freedom as much as authority, and allows for the free play and natural expression of its members.

Finally, let us consider some of the practical and social reasons. The espousing of the same religious faith by all members of a family unit fosters harmonious relations therein and makes for normal and happier living.

Through the medium of the Church our children associate with, and create friendships with other young people of like religious faith. Such associations often lead to the formation of organized youth groups within the church, which groups, in turn, further enhance sociability, and serve for the development of all-around personalities. A notable example of such a group is the Orthodox Youth Organization of Chicago, which, in addition to its main purpose of preserving the faith, is helping to satisfy the social needs of our children, and is aiding the Church in its task of developing the character of our youth along Christian lines.

From this discussion we can conclude that there are sufficient and convincing reasons to justify the desire to keep our children in the Greek Orthodox Church, and no reason for our youth to seek any other religious faith.

3. **How can we keep our children in the Greek Church,** by Nicholas G. Manos

As the second generation Greeks become more thoroughly assimilated into the American "melting pot", the problem of how to keep our children in the Greek Church becomes increasingly important. Another related problem also plays a major role, that is, retention of the Greek language, which at the present time, still forms the basis of our religion. It behooves the second generation, therefore, not only to educate themselves in the Greek language, but also to transmit this learning to their children, otherwise, we will have the unhappy situation of children attending the Church without even a meager understanding of the Greek Orthodox Church service, and, consequently, a waning interest in the religion itself.

Of equal importance with the teaching the Greek language is frequent church attendance. It is obvious that if the child or its American born parents attend church intermittently, or at best on major church holidays, the mental impression of

(Continued on Page 64)

Like a Jewel in the Morning Sun

GEORGE PHILIPS'

MAGNIFICENT HOTEL

THE ADMIRAL

on Lake Michigan

OFFERS YOU COMFORT - HOSPITALITY - ELEGANCE

Overlooking the north end of Lincoln Park, THE ADMIRAL offers an ideal location for a year round home.

Removed from the soot and noise of the city, it is yet within ten minutes drive to the center of things.

Easily accessible to transportation and within reach of churches, theatres, shops, sandy beaches, tennis courts and golf courses, the ADMIRAL is the ideal home.

The dining room on the roof with its panoramic view of the lake and park is an ideal place to entertain your guests or to enjoy a quiet dinner.

Your Host GEORGE PHILLIPS will be glad to Welcome You to America's Smartest Hotel

THE ADMIRAL

on Lake Michigan

909 FOSTER AVE. - CHICAGO, ILL.

PROBLEMS OF GREEK-AMERICANS

(Continued from Page 62)

belonging permanently to the Greek Church will not be developed. As a result, the child will easily yield to the temptation of drifting from the church, or more tragically, may develop an inner conflict as to the entire concept of religion. Therefore, since a child more readily acquires habits and impressions between the ages of one and fourteen than at any other age, it is extremely important that weekly attendance be cultivated and encouraged rather than merely suggested. The result is apparent since the child will acquire a fixed impression and lasting sentiment of belonging to the church.

Again of equal importance in achieving the stated goal are certain reforms within the didactic organization of the church which I am confident are under consideration. First, the formation, where practicable, of day schools with qualified staffs to give each child its primary education along with the Greek language and religion. Second, a trained organization of salaried sunday school teachers with a program calculated to induce and lure attendance with an interesting presentation, graphic and oral. Third, and most important, well trained priests, possessing a comprehensive education in Greek as well as in English, achieved through a system of Theological seminary training in this country and rounded out with a required post-graduate period of study in Greece.

The ways and means of developing religious sentiment in our children have been outlined with great generality, and, although incomplete because of inter-related problems, nevertheless, from a framework which ultimately must be developed within the family group, for upon the parents rest the greatest responsibility of all — weaving each child's future by proper training at home.

The problem is by no means a minor one, since the gradual weakening of the Greek Church in America within the next two generations may be a serious consequence. It is the obligation of every parent to teach the Greek Orthodox religion to their children, and any ideas concerning the temporary status of the Greek language and religion in this country must be dispelled. They must coexist, otherwise our identity may forever be lost.

(To be continued)

Greetings

Leader Ice Cream Co.

1334 WEBSTER AVENUE
Phone LIncoln 9-0750
CHICAGO

GREETINGS
FROM

NATIONAL
Baking Co.

★

Demetrios Glymakopoulos
and Sons

★

2610 SOUTH CALUMET AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Greetings from

SUPREME INSURANCE
AGENCY, Inc.

30 NORTH LA SALLE STREET
Phone CEntral 6-5345
CHICAGO, ILL.

★

WE REPRESENT THE LARGEST
INSURANCE COMPANIES
IN AMERICA

★

See Us for:
Fire, Life, Glass, Dram
Shop, Theft, Automobile
and Jewelry Insurance

The

Soutsos Decorating Company

1944 WEST GRAND AVENUE
CHICACO, ILL.

•

GIVES YOU THE ULTIMATE IN
FINE COLORATION AND DESIGN

•

PAINTING AND DECORATING CONTRACTS
ACCEPTED ANYWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES

•

DECORATIVE SKETCHES
AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED

COMMERCIAL — RESIDENTIAL — INDUSTRIAL
ALSO CHURCHES AND INSTITUTIONS

•

Telephone Seley 3-0967

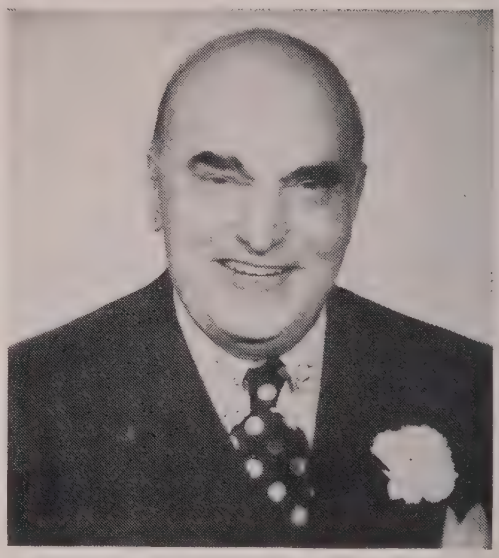
Season's Greetings
from

CHRIST MITCHELL

★

SUPREME PRESIDENT
of the

Pan-Arcadian Federation of America



GEO. BAMBAKARIS

Clothes Make the Man says the Best Dressed Man who wants his friends to follow his example

— Visit Him At —

Benson & Rixon

Chicago's Outstanding Clothiers

230 S. STATE ST. HArrison 7-6500

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

FROM

JAMES EFSTON

AND

EFSTONBUILT, Incorporated

Builders of Beautiful Stores

★

4348 NORTH BROADWAY

Phone GRaceland 7-3220

CHICAGO, ILL.

WHEN IN CHICAGO

WILLIAM KARZAS

INVITES YOU TO SEE

Trianon - Aragon

62nd and COTTAGE GROVE
CHICAGO 37, ILL.

1100 W. LAWRENCE AVE.
CHICAGO 40, ILL.

★

The World's Most Beautiful Ballrooms

★

FEATURING THE BEST DANCE MUSIC IN AMERICA

B E S T
W I S H E S
F R O M

ALLIANCE THEATRE CORPORATION

S. J. GREGORY

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Accompanying photo taken some seventeen years ago in Wisconsin shows well known Chicago business men on a fishing expedition at Wolf River, Wisconsin. Left to right: Jim Demet, candy store executive; Charlie Scovill, the guide; Joe Farago, president of Master Paper Box Company of Chicago; Andrew G. Kanelos, president of Andes Candies and Harry Reckas, theatre executive who is now in California.

Compliments
of
MR. and MRS. THEODORE SPYROPOULOS
and

The Maple Leaf Restaurant and Candy Co.

53 W. VAN BUREN ST.
CHICAGO 4, ILL.

★

"35 Years in the
Same Location

Compliments of

THE RANCH
123 E. Oak Street DElaware 7-2794

CORNER HOUSE
Ohio and Rush Streets MIchigan 2-1550

COVERED WAGON
22nd and Michigan VIctory 2-0999

DRAKE'S RESTAURANTS
1200 N. State Street SUperior 7-7591
131 N. Dearborn Street CEntral 6-8937

MADISON RESTAURANT
3950 W. Madison St. KEdzie 3-3040

DRAKE'S

BRYN-MAWR Restaurant
2015 E. 71st Street BUtterfield 8-2500

★

G. T. DRAKE & SON - OFFICE
952 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE - DElaware 7-3240

GREETINGS AND BEST WISHES FOR A
MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

from a friendly Bank specializing in
Serving the Greek-American Community

★

Greek-American Department

MISS ANGELA BALTAS, Mgr.

★

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
IN CHICAGO

ROOSEVELT ROAD at HALSTED STREET
Phone MOnroe 6-8300
CHICAGO 7, ILL.

★

Authorized Agency for
Steamship Companies and Airlines

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Company

NICHOLAS SELIMOS

AND

Tom's Restaurant

740 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE
CHICAGO

★

Donate Your Blood to the
RED CROSS

GIANUKOS, DEMOS & CO.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

★

44 SOUTH WATER MARKET
Phone CAnal 6-1691
CHICAGO

Mayfair Television Sales Open New Store

The Mayfair Television Sales, one of Chicago's leading Television organizations, has opened up a new magnificent store locoated at 2721 Milwaukee Avenue in the Logan Square District in Chicago.

George Georgian, president of the Mayfair Television Sales told our representative that they had to expand to accommodate the ever increasing clientele. Mr. Georgian is considered one of the most dynamic Television executives in Chicago, and he handles Television sets of leading manufacturers.

What makes the Mayfairs Television sales phenomenal is because in addition to his own personality and knowledge of the business, Mr. Georgian has brought together an efficient sales force.

The new headquarters of the Mayfair Television organization, is noted for its architectural designing, and the modernistic interior, as well as for the facilities it offers for satisfactory Television service.

DEMETRA VAKA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Continued from Page 22)

I had the colored house-man tear out all the scientific partitions and gadgets, leaving only the nests and the roosts. He cleaned the interior with kerosene oil, whitewashed it, and put fresh straw on the floor and in the nests. That afternoon we drove to a neighboring farmer's and bought twelve hens and two roosters.

To make sure that the colored man should replenish the troughs with fresh water every morning, I upset them every evening, after the chickens had gone to roost. Our overseer's wife lent me a book on chicken-raising, and I studied it as diligently as if it concerned the most absorbing international politics.

As soon as cold weather came, I bought a rain-coat, rubber boots that met the coat, and a waterproof hat, and spent much of my time supervising my flock. We had two cows, so there was plenty of milk; and I cajoled Aunt Texie, our cook, into keeping a big pot filled with milk on the back of the stove, into which she threw scraps of left-over food. Thus every morning there was a hot meal for the hen family.

The chicken-yard was dug up, and the ground worked around the plum trees in it; and from their

MASTER
PAPER BOX COMPANY
Incorporated
★
Manufacturers of
PAPER BOXES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
★
1319 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
Phone HArrison 7-8989
CHICAGO, ILL.

branches I suspended cabbages by strings, to entice the hens to jump for exercise. Also I wrote down what we had paid for the hens and roosters and for the ground shells and meal we bought. From time to time I called up the grocery store, found out the price of eggs, and credited myself with the eggs we received.

There are few simple pleasures to compare with going into a hen-house with an empty basket, and coming out with it filled with warm eggs. Our overseer's wife, who had been an Englsih maid, would say to me admiringly: "You 'ave so few 'ens, and you get so many heggs.' This became such a saying with us that for a long time 'ens and heggs were inextricably mixed on my tongue.

New joy arrived when it came time for setting. Consulting my book, I bought clutches of the best eggs locally obtainable, and placed them in the nests of the broody hens. In fact I studied the hen-book daily. It was a valuable book, though I felt it lacked warmth. 'Ens may regard you with cold, calculating eyes, yet they possess many human qualities. They are vain and egotistical, and as self-advertising as a politician. No matter what part of our big house I was in, I could hear every hen announce it when she laid an egg. If I were out of doors, I would watch each one stride pompously forth from the hen-house, head held high and wings fluttering, to proclaim that she had achieved her miracle: she had given to the world one more egg.

During their setting time, some were quiet and methodical, leaving their nests at regular times to eat. Others had no sense of time. One never got off her nest, and died of starvation on the day hea chicks were hatched. I suppose she considered herself noble. Another, whom I dubbed the revolutionist, would leave her nest every few minutes, and stride up and down, declaiming at the top of her larynx, to all the other hens. A regular soapbox orator she was, repeating over and over the message that burned within her frail body.

I would catch her, give her a good spanking, and put her back on her nest; but no sooner was I out of the chicken-house than off her nest she would come, to convert the other hens. The roosters were my allies, and would beat her hard for her interference with the work of their womenfolk. Finally, fearing that she would never warm her eggs, I divided them among the other hens, and shut her up in a coop.

If it had been a delight to gather basketsfull of eggs, it was miraculous when the little chicks came out of their shells. It was like a renewal of faith in the continuance of life. Tenderly I picked up each mother and carried her to her coop, with her brood. They did not mind my handling them. Each coop had a little run, covered with wire netting, so that no enemy could penetrate into their abode; and on cool and rainy nights I covered them with tarpaulins, so that the little feet should not have to step on damp ground.

The nine chicks, hatched on the day their devoted mother died, became my especial care. I arranged an old coverlet to keep them warm until their little feathers should develop, and tried to make them forget their bereavement. Yet I realized with a certain mortification that I was not equal to a hen—until a strange fact became apparent.

ULTRA VIOLET RAY
SUN-RAYS
DUOFOLD PAPER NAPKINS
NAPKIN SERVICE
THIS ESTABLISHMENT USES EXCLUSIVELY THE WORLD'S ONLY STERILIZED PAPER NAPKIN MECHANICALLY FOLDED, ULTRA-VIOLET RAY AND OZONE TREATED. NO CHEMICALS, BUT THE NATURAL SUN RAYS APPLIED TO IT - FRESH AT ALL TIMES AND NOT TOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS. A PACKAGE OF THESE NAPKINS CAN BE OBTAINED FOR YOUR HOME USE - ASK OUR CASHIER OR THE WAITER. WE TRUST OUR FOOD AND SERVICE MEET WITH YOUR APPROVAL. WE APPRECIATE AND THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATRONAGE.
THE MANAGEMENT
DU-O-FOLD
SUN-RAYS
NAR-O-FOLD PRODUCTS

America's Best Paper Napkins from Coast to Coast come in the following marks:

NAR-O-FOLD
DUO FOLD
MIDGET FOLD
NEW FOLD
EIGHT FOLD
QURRTER FOLD
FLAT TISSUE

★

NATIONAL PAPER NAPKIN MFG. COMPANY

1308 N. HALSTED STREET
CHICAGO 22, ILL.

These motherless chicks were by far the strongest and most self-reliant of them all. It seemed to point a sad moral on the futility of mother-love—at least among hens.

Altogether 105 chickens hatched, and only one died, owing to my feeding it chopped up eggs (advised by the book). A bit of yolk choked it to death. As soon as I was able to distinguish the cockerels, I separated them from the pullets, put them in different coops, and fed them intensely, so that in five or six weeks we had broilers to eat. My chief trouble with them was their pugnacious disposition, which tended to keep them thin. One even died as the result of their anti-pacifism.

As the chicks grew older, I let them out of their coops, with their mammas, to run around the stables. Again the hens were so human-like, marshalling their youngsters, and shouting to the other hens in praise of their own brood. Our cook, Aunt Texie, strongly advised against letting them out, because of the trouble of getting them back to their coops again. But she was wrong: at the regular hour for their warm evening meal, back they came, as punctually as if each wore a Bulova watch around her neck. Moreover, at any time of day, if I appeared, they would fly toward me, expecting food.

Financially they were the best paying part of the farm. We had plenty of eggs in the winter when they were high, the earliest and best broilers, and roast chicken the year round. The best profit, however, was to my health and spirits. In winter there was no tennis, and the riding was not so pleasant, except for fox-hunters. But a few miles from "West Cairns" there was an English colony, at Ivy, and we had ground hockey every week. I was not allowed to run much, and therefore was always the goal-tender. After the games came the delightful English tea, with its thin slices of bread and butter, such as only the English know how to serve.

Kenneth Brown wanted me to learn jumping, to take part in the fox-hunting, of which he was a devotee; but after I fell off, while taking a stone wall, and the horse's hind hoot came down within six inches of my head, he decided there were activities enough for me without fox-hunting.

(To be continued)

GREECE—ANCHOR OF THE WEST

(Continued from Page 7)

"The Orderly Way," or "The Way of Reasonableness" among men, "The Way" that, without the prompting of chain or lash, concedes to every man the fair and proportionate share that is his due. And, from begining to end, the movement's distinguishing marks were **moderation, clarity of vision**, keeping the eye always on the ultimate goal, **avoidance of extremes** of every kind, and complete **absence of fanaticism and uncontrolled emotionalism.** You see how, in politics, they repeated themselves, these same familiar ideals of perfection, these same standards of value and of conduct! And Athens ended with the most perfect democracy the world has ever known.

Now, perhaps, is the moment to make an over-all survey of the ground we have been covering.

(Continued on Page 74)

Season's Greetings

DeMets, Inc.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

•

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

CANDIES

•

Stores All Over the Loop

Greetings from

GUST RELIAS

"THE CHRISTMAS TREE KING"

14 SOUTH WATER MARKET

CHICAGO

Hollywood Furniture & Appliance Co.

Chicago newlyweds have found a friend in Mr. Harry Stratos, owner of the Hollywood Furniture & Appliance Company, 223 S. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Mr. Stratos has been saving them money by guiding them what furniture to buy and by offering valuable suggestions in the furnishing of homes. As a matter of fact, every prospective furniture buyer will find Mr. Stratos' experience in furniture buying much to their advantage. He has been in the furniture and appliance business for over twenty years, and is well liked in Chicago for his honesty and his diligence. But the greatest service Mr. Stratos renders his clients is that he saves them money.

Drexel

FRESH
FROZEN

Ice Cream

CITY-WIDE DISTRIBUTION

★

For Prompt Delivery
CALL

VIctory 2-1163

★

Drexel Ice Cream Company

30th AT SHIELDS AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Peter G. Maniates

REALTOR

Specializing in
COMMERCIAL and BUSINESS
PROPERTY
and
CHAIN STORE LEASING

Management - Sales - Mortgages
Insurance

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF REAL ESTATE BOARDS
REALTOR
Of CHICAGO REAL ESTATE BOARD

11 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET
Phone CEntral 6-3508
CHICAGO

this day is yours

...forever

All the magic of this longed-for day is yours forever in your wedding portrait.

You can depend upon our skill and experience to make your portrait a flawless mirror of this Day. We invite you to come in, or phone for your appointment early.

PORTRAITS BY

ANGELES STUDIO

Specializing in WEDDINGS, CANDIDS, SCHOOLS, CHILD STUDIES

528 S. HALSTED STREET - Corner Halsted & Harrison
Phone CAnal 6-1516 CHICAGO 7, ILL.

GREECE—ANCHOR OF THE WEST

(Continued from Page 72)

We saw, first, that Greek Civilization, from the start, put its faith in two great, unprecedented affirmations: one, the affirmation of the individual's intrinsic worth, dignity, and promise; the other, the affirmation of the power of reason and law not only to secure the individual against the dangerous idiosyncrasies of individualism, but also to lead him on to the fullest realization of the high promise that was in him.

We saw, next, that Law for the Greek comprised not only positive ordinances like those which kings decree and parliaments enact; not only those traditional obligations arising out of the ties of family, clan, and tribe; but also a body of unwritten laws — laws of Nature herself — including principles and standards of value so universal and sacred that they crossed all the boundaries of the City-States and were acknowledged, with the solemn sanctions of the Gods and Religion upon them, a common possession of the Greek race everywhere.

And, finally, we saw that in this last category, in these universal standards of conduct and their underlying values all the separate regions of Greek life and civilization were gradually integrated, and all the Greek aspiration for perfection — perfection in the individual, perfection in the social and political community, perfection in arts, literature, science, and philosophy became fused in a single, clearly defined unity of ideals — a unity, BASED ON VALUES RATHER THAN THINGS, that made of Greek Civilization something that no civilization had ever been before: I mean a civilization that is BOTH A CIVILIZATION AND A CULTURE! For the concept of a Culture adds something to that of a Civilization: a Culture is a Civilization, but it is something more. It is a civilization **consciously** founded on the dignity and worth of the individual and, moreover, directing its whole life and all its energies **consciously** — I emphasize the word "consciously" — not only to the realization of the individual's **Areté** his highest excellence, but also to the perfect expression of this **Areté** in every region of human activity, in arts, in literature and philosophy, in science and statecraft — doing this, I repeat, **consciously.** Such a civilization, we have seen, was that of Greece.

INDIVIDUAL or CHAIN-GANG? — Greece put its faith unswervingly in the INDIVIDUAL; and the complete justification of her faith was found at Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea. — REASON or the CONCENTRATION-CAMP? — Greece chose REASON; and the choice stood vindicated in the full splendor of the Periclean Age; in the perfect flowering of Athenian democracy, in the tragedies of Sophocles, in the Parthenon, the Propylaia, the Temple of Nike, and in the wealth of lovely shrines, stoai, and flawless statuary that decked the City, like a loved mistress, with beauty, and made of Athens an education to Greece and the whole world of Western Man.

How this Civilization, this Greek Conception of Life, tried in practice and vindicated in its achievement, passed finally into the life of the West, is not our concern tonight. The manner, the agencies, and the timing of its transmission can be studied in any history textbook. What does, however, con-

cern us tonight is the undeniable truth that it was so transmitted, and that, reinforced by all the spiritual vigor of Christianity, it became, with Christianity, the foundation upon which was reared through twenty centuries the whole superstructure of Western Civilization as we know it.

All, therefore, that we profess to cherish in the way of Standards of Living, Culture, Liberty, Freedom, and Democracy, rests ultimately on, or, let us say, has its anchorage in those basic affirmations, those spiritual ideals and values which lay, as we have seen tonight, at the very center of Greek Civilization. — And here it may be well to point out that, if the emphasis has been heavy on Greece tonight and only light on Christionity, the reason is, of course, the occasion itself. For no Hellenist however learned, unless warped in judgment, would dare to claim that profane poet or philosopher ever rose to the sublimity of The Beatitudes as criteria of human happiness, or to the finality of "Take up your cross and follow Me!" as an answer to the problem of suffering, or to the ineffable beauty of the similes of "the birds of the air" and "the lilies of the fields" as convincing evidence of a Divine Goodness and His Providence.

In this hour of world-crisis, then, if we wish to diagnose honestly the condition of Western Civilization; if we are prepared not to deceive ourselves but accurately to gauge Civilizations strength or weakness to meet the head-on peril, we shall be obliged, as a start at least, to apply the tests which tonight's discussion has already placed at our disposal. In general, we shall have to ask how far present-day society has permitted the fascination of THINGS to blunt its civilized perception of VALUES; how far the chase for material wealth, comfort, and power has been allowed to rob it of spiritual heart and breath; how far, with its irresponsbile approval, individual man may already have been emptied of personality, reduced perhaps, to a mere algebraic symbol or, worse, a cipher in a card-index, by the vast, interlocking machinery of industrial organization.

In particular, we shall have to apply our tests to politics, to education, and ot religion; and it would be a serious omission not to carry them also into the fields of journalism, radio, amusement, and, perhaps, of commercial advertising as well. Obviously a diagnosis of this kind cannot be undertaken in a single evening. However, if only to provide an instance of the kind of thing we have in mind, let me turn for a few minutes to one special field that, in this day and hour, needs diagnosing more urgently probably than any other.

Almost daily, as I said in the beginning, we have the warnings of responsible public-men that the immediate threat to Civilization lies in the clash of two opposing ideologies, that of the West, on one side, on the other, that of Communist Russia. Now, I submi t —and I am serious — that, perhaps, such a clash has **never** occurred, that, perhaps, the threat to Civilization lies, therefore, not in a clash of ideologies but **in the very absence of a clash!** Keeping tonight's discussion in mind, ask yourselves whether at any time, either during the war or after, we have honestly confronted Russia

ΠΡΟΤΙΜΗΣΑΤΕ

Hellenic Bank Trust Company

★

139 WILLIAM STREET
NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

★

ΔΙ' ΟΛΑ ΤΑ ΕΜΒΑΣΜΑΤΑ ΣΑΣ
ΕΙΣ ΕΛΛΑΔΑ, ΔΩΔΕΚΑΝΗΣΑ
ΚΑΙ ΚΥΠΡΟΝ

Phone RECTOR 2-0900

★

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Company

LEKAS and DRIVAS

**IMPORTERS
OF FINE FOOD PRODUCTS
AND LIQUORS**

●

Chicago Office:
172 NORTH GREEN STREET
Phone MOnroe 6-2432

GREETINGS

JAMES SAVOY & COMPANY

POPCORN

1431 South Morgan Street
Phone CAnal 6-3634
Chcago 8, Ill.

with a **bona-fide** ideology of the West! You can answer that question by settling for yourselves on what occasion, if any, and how far, our statesmen have dared to oppose to Russia the moral courage, the honest, uncompromising thinking, or the spiritual convictions, that are the true heritage of the West. If, on inspection you should find that what purported to be an ideology advanced by them was characterized on the one hand by studied reticence — amounting almost to negation — regarding all religious motives, all moral principles, and all spiritual values of any kind; and, if on the other hand you should discover that the whole thing was a tissue of opportunism and cynical expediency; that it was shot through with gross pragmatism; that its emphasis, from beginning to end, was on material resources and industrial know-how; and that, finally, it resounded with rhetorical cliches about freedom and democracy so distorted by socialistic and welfare-state thinking that they had lost most of their original meaning, then you would have been bringing to the world-conference tables not the ideology of the West but some shabby, synthetic substitute — a pseudo-ideology that approximated so closely to the Russian ideology that none but a fool could expect from the meeting of the two anything other than what actually has resulted — a stalemate which paralyzes and promises to go on paralyzing all further progress of the race.

And let me add, to be absolutely frank, I would not stop there! For, if our findings should be in reality what we have imagined them to be, I would declare, without hesitancy, that a third world-war no longer can be avoided; that it is so inevitable that there is not on this earth a human power or agency that can now prevent it! Oppose to crass materialism, **in the ideological order,** nothing better than the same brand of crass materialism, and you can expect, you **must** expect an impasse that only **force in the physical order** can break. If it should be true that this is what has happened, the hour for the reassessment of Civilization already has passed!

Well, I have already taken up more than my allotted time; and , I regret, I have said none of the things that I came prepared to say about Modern Greece. However, I have His Excellency to thank for expressing my sentiments toward Greece better, I am sure, than I could have expressed them myself. They are not sentiments merely; they are convictions founded on study and much reflection. When we survey the century and a quarter that has intervened since Greece won her independence from the Turk, and bear in mind the sparsity of her population, her almost total lack of natural resources, her all but complete independence — until just recently — of help financial or otherwise from abroad, I think we can safely say that no country of the modern world — and I include these United States of America — has made comparable progress in the same period of time.

Call it material progress, if you will, but, in the face of almost overwhelming material odds, it was much more; it was a revelation of national spirit, of the moral courage and initiative of the Greek people, of their independence, self-reliance, and pride in their inherited greatness. These were the magnificent qualities that, in their full splendor, were revealed to the world, in that hour of transfiguration, which Greece stood firm against the Italian and Nazi invaders. Nothing in her whole glorious past — not even Thermopylae, not even Marathon — can rival the wintry campaign in the Albanian Mountains or the supremely brave and intelligent resistance of the occupation-years. Today, the entire mainland of Greece has become another Thermopylae where, if the known enemy at any moment should decide to move, inevitably the battle must again be joined in defense, this time, not of the freedom of Greece only, but of the world, and, let it be clearly understood, not least in defense of America's freedom! Surely, if any country has merited the sympathetic understanding of Americans, if any country has a claim on American generosity and financial assistance, that country is Greece. As one American speaking to his fellow-Americans, I conclude with this plea: if our private generosity can do no more for Greece than it is now doing, and our assistance to that deserving country must be left to Government spending, may we have at least the decency and the humane consideration to see to it that whatever public funds are allotted to Greece shall be administered by American officials of known familiarity and sympathy with the ideals and traditions, with the spiritual and cultural background of the Greek people; and let us see to it that such funds shall be so administered that our assistance may never be a restriction upon Greek initiative and independence or an offense to the pride and sensibilities of those who still guard the central shrine of Western Civilization.

THE PROMETHEUS OF AESCHYLUS

(Continued from Page 19)

same time in the 70's, not long after the battles of Salamis and Plataea and the corresponding victories of Greeks over barbarians in Sicily. Such a date conforms with the expert testimony of Margarete Bieber on the "staging" in Athens of our drama, and Gilbert Murray's remarkable intuition in connecting our Fire-God with a great ethnic ceremony. After the battle of Plataea, "the Pythian god made answer that they were to erect an altar of Zeus the Deliverer, but were not to sacrifice upon it until they had extinguished the fire throughout the land, which he said had been polluted by the Barbarians, and kindled it fresh and pure from the public hearth at Delphi. Accordingly the commanders of the Hellenes went about straightway and compelled all who were using fire to extinguish it, while Euchidas, who promised to bring the sacred fire with all conceivable speed, went from Plataea to Delphi. There he purified his person by sprinkling himself with the holy water, and crowned himself with laurel. Then he took from the altar the sacred fire and started to run back to Plataea. He reached the place before the sun had set, accomplishing thus a thousand furlongs in one and the same day. He greeted his countrymen, handed them the sacred fire, and straightway fell down, and after a little expired."

"Still, in thy patient energy,
In the endurance and repulse
Of thine impenetrable spirit,
Which earth and heaven could not convulse,
A mighty lesson we inherit'"

Phone MOnroe 6-4895

DELIGIANNIS BROS.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

★

613 South Halsted Street
Chicago 7, Ill.

GREETINGS FROM

MID-CITY
National Bank of Chicago

801 WEST MADISON STREET
Phone HAymarket 1-7600
CHICAGO 7, ILL.

★

Member
FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Compliments of

Cosmopolitan Laundry and Linen Supply

6637 S. Cottage Grove Avenue
Phone FAirfax 4-4700
CHICAGO

Phone DEarborn 2-2863

George S. Kolettis Realty Co.

228 N. LA SALLE STREET - Suite 1258
CHICAGO 1, ILL.

Compliments of

Margaritis-Mitchell, Inc.
FURRIERS

180 NORTH WABASH AVENUE
Phone FRanklin 2-7776
CHICAGO

Greetings

NICK NOMIKOS

President
St. Constantine and
St. Helen Community
Chicago, Illinois

Compliments
of

GEORGE L. MANTA

★

CHICAGO

Green Fields
Dairy Company

3250 WENTWORTH AVENUE
CHICAGO 16, ILL.

★

Pasteurized
MILK AND CREAM
ICE CREAM
AND
FROSTED MALTED

★

CALL
VIctory 2-1072 or VIctory 2-1073

Greetings from

Orion Shipping and Trading Co., Inc.

80 BROAD ST.
NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

Serving Greek-American families
for Over Two Generations

ATLAS GROCERY CO.

FINEST IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC GROCERIES

718 SOUTH HALSTED STREET

MOnroe 6-5407 MOnroe 6-5426
CHICAGO 7, ILL.

Season's Greetings

Constantine Serriades

National President

FEDERATION of MICRASIATIC and THRACIAN SOCIETIES

In the United States

Compliments of

Grant Park Hotel

1142 South Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Ill.

THOMAS GIALAMAS, Manager

When You Go To Florida Stop at **JIM PHOTAKIS**

BRADY MANOR APTS.

7450 BYRON AVE. - MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

Compliments of

GARFIELD LAUNDRY and LINEN SUPPLY

4929 WEST DIVISION STREET
Phone MAnsfield 6-9500
CHICAGO, ILL.

Stephens Realty Co.

Real Estate - Loans - Mortgages - Insurance

82 West Washington Street
Suite 427
Chicago, Illinois

Phone RAndolph 6-4051

Greetings from

CHRISTOPHER GODELLAS

★

CHICAGO, ILL.

Greetings from

MR. and MRS. NICK PALMER

and

PALMER DONUT SHOP

★

105 WEST JACKSON BOULEVARD
CHICAGO 4, ILL.

Greetings

Central Floral Co.

Members of

FLORIST TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASS'N.

33 W. Washington Street
Chicago 2, Ill.

Greetings from

JOHN PAPAS

and the

Terminal Restaurant

☆

2529 N. KEDZIE AVENUE
CHICAGO 47, ILL.

Phone
WAbash 2-3161

GUS PATSIOS

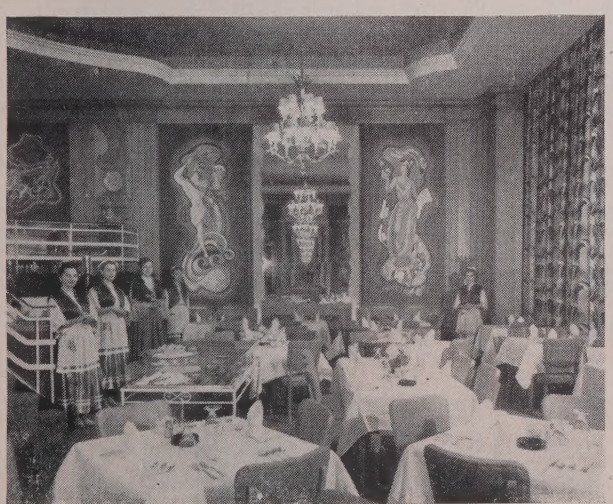
REAL ESTATE
INSURANCE

★

175 WEST JACKSON BOULEVARD
CHICAGO 4, ILLINOIS

When You Come to Chicago Dine at the Superbly Enchanting

GRECIAN TERRACE



TWO VIEWS FROM THE SPACIOUS DINING ROOMS

Located in the Heart of the Loop

55 WEST WASHINGTON STREET - Chicago
NEAR DEARBORN STREET

GENUINE GRECIAN DISHES

Special Arrangement for Parties: For Reservations Call: RAndolph 6-0637

HONORARY and SPONSORING COMMITTEE

His Grace Archbishop MICHAEL of North and South America
PRINCE PETER of Greece
SPYROS SKOURAS, Pres. 20th Century-Fox Corp, N. Y.
JOHN L. MANTA, Pres. Greek War Relief Ass'n.
EV. HARDALOUPAS, Pres. Hellenic Bank, N. Y.
MARK MAMALAKIS, President, Pan Cretan Ass'n
PROF. DAVID M. ROBINSON, University of Mississippi
PROF. GEORGE E. MYLONAS
Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
MIKE KOROMPILAS
President, the Assumption Greek Church, Chicago
A. FLABOURAS, Nat'l Comm. Greek Veterans of America
GUS LANDER, Landers Restaurant, Chicago
CHRISTOPHER JANUS, Chicago
REV. GEORGE MASTRANTONIS, St. Andrew's, Chicago
NICHOLAS CUMMINGS, Central Ice Cream Co., Chicago
ANTHONY PAPAGEORGIOU, Pekin Cleaners, Chicago
JAMES GORDON, American Express Co., New York
NICK VAGIONIS, Pres. Greek Societies Federation N. Y.
REV. B. EFTHIMIOU, Dean of Greek Cathedral, N. Y.
SPIROS JANETATOS, Pres. Pan-Cephallonian Federation
ANDREW G. KANELOS, Chicago
MR. and MRS. THEODORE SPYROPOULOS, Chicago
PETER GIANUKOS, Chicago
BASIL CHARUHAS, Chicago
CHRIST FOUFAS, La Salle Cafeteria, Chicago
ARTHUR PEPONIS, Chicago
CHRISTOPHER GODELLAS, Chicago
GEORGE GEORGIAN, Mayfair Television, Chicago
NICK GIOVAN, Chicago
CONSTANTINE GIOVAN, Chicago
JOHN BELASCO, The Franklin Savings Bank, N. Y.
PETER G. DEMET, Chicago
NICK NOMIKOS, Pres. St. Constantine Church, Chicago
D. PARRY, Attorney, Chicago
DEMOSTHENES PHOTAKIS, Cicero, Ill.
JOHN PAPAS, The Terminal Restaurant, Chicago
JAMES EFSTON, Chicago
PETER E. XIDES, Montgomery, Ala.
NICK JOHN MATSOUKAS, New York, N. Y.
MICHAEL GOULANDRIS, Greek Line, N. Y.
W. H. VARTAN, Lake Shore Photo Engraving Co.
Chicago
MICHAEL N. HATSOS, Chicago
SUPREME LODGE, GREEK-AMERICAN PROGRESSIVE ASSOCIATION ((GAPA)
JOE FARAGO, Chicago
GEORGE L. MANTA, Chicago
GEORGE ASKOUNIS, Attorney, Chicago
Capt. G .DEMETROPOULOS, U. S. N.
GUS PATSIOS, Chicago
JOHN VOSNOS, Attorney, Chicago
JOHN APOSTOLAKIS, Pres. Clever Idea Co., Brooklyn
NICHOLAS GOULANDRIS, Orion Shipping Co., N. Y.
ANDREW SISTERS, Hollywood, Calif.
JOHN HANIOTIS, New York
C. I. SCHIADAROSIS, New York
J. A. PAPPADEAS, Try-Me Distributors, Washington, D. C.
MR. and MRS. NICHOLAS PALMER, Chicago
CHRIS CARSON, Chicago, Ill.
PETER PAN SNACK SHOPS, Chicago
ANTHONY GIOVAN, Chicago
C. N. JOHNSON, JR., Chicago, Ill.
BASILIOS I. KARABATOS, New York.
N. J. CASSAVETES, New York.
JAMES BETINIS, Chicago
CHARLES W. PAPPAS, New York.
PETER CARAVAS, President Corinthian Society. New York
CHRIST TOULON, Attorney, Chicago
THOMAS F. McCARTHY, President Austin Nichols & Co., Inc.
PAUL PRODROMIDIS, New York
THEODORE SEGALAS, New York
MR. and MRS. ARISTIDES LAZARUS, Washington, D. C.
MICHAEL A. EMBIRICOS, Shipping Cor., New York
THE LIGHTHOUSE, Miami Beach, Fla.
ARISTOTLE J. SIORIS,, Sartorius & Co., N. Y.
CHRIST BASTIS, Seafare Cafe, N.Y.C.
STATHIS GEORGES, Pres. Indiana Walk Shoe Co., N. Y.
GEORGE JUDGES, Hotel St. Moritz, New York
NICHOLAS STEVASON, New York
GEORGE SPYROPOULOS, Geoorge Restaurant, N. Y.
PERRY VOULTSOS, New York
THEODORE PSAROPOULOS, New York
LOUIS S FERRIS, M. D., New York
MRS. JAY HAMBIDGE,
The Jay Hambidge Art Foundation, Ga.
C. SERRIADES, Pres. Federation Micrasiatic Societies

CREATION

Out of the pain of dumb creation
Out of common dirt and common clay
Spring joyful bits of green emotion
Come the myriad flowers of May.

Out of the soil of ageold effort
Out of thorny fields of blame
Come the sinews of artistic purport
Masterpieces are born to fame.

But out of what fields of pleasure
Out of what seeds of lustful dew
Sprung this angel-kissed treasure,
Came the bit of heaven that's you?

—D. M.

These tiny, tender blue lake beans . . . so taste tempting in this salad . . . are fitting representatives of the entire Sexton assortment of canned vegetables. From seed to serving, they have but one destiny—to grace the table of those who serve the public. They are the finest of their variety, grown where soil and climate are most favorable and processed on the spot. Each can is packed to the brim to give you the most economy plus guest pleasure per portion.

JOHN SEXTON & CO., CHICAGO, 1951

METAXA

SPECIALTY LIQUEUR

IMPORTED FROM GREECE

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD

92 PROOF

IMPORTED EXCLUSIVELY BY

Austin Nichols & Co. Inc.

BROOKLYN—NEW YORK

INDUSTRIAL PAINTING
COMMERCIAL
CONTRACTORS

★

INDUSTRIAL PLANT
MAINTENANCE

★

Interior and Exterior Cleaning

★

PAINTING - REMODELING

Free Estimates Since 1908

J. L. MANTA and COMPANY

1821 S. LOOMIS STREET
Telephone CAnal 6-5021
CHICAGO, ILL.

Compliments
of

Lake Shore Photo Engraving Co., Inc.

★

160 EAST ILLINOIS STREET
Phone SUperior 7-8216
CHICAGO 11, ILL.

A lift for your **SPIRITS**...A thrill for your **TASTE**...

ANDES CANDIES

What's more exciting and inviting than a newly-opened box of fresh, rich flavored ANDES. Grand to serve to guests, tasteful to give, fun to keep around the house for a treat . . . anytime!

★

DELICIOUS AND NUTRICIOUS

Andes Candies (THE PEAK OF ALL)

50 SHOPS IN CHICAGO AND SUBURBS